

THE YOUNG ADMIRALL.

AS

IT WAS PRESENTED

By her Majesties Servants, at
the private house in
Drury Lane.

Written by James Shirley.



LONDON,

Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke,
and William Cooke.

1637.



Names of the Persons.

The King of Naples.

The King of Sicily.

The Prince of Naples.

Vittori the Young Admirall.

Alphonso his Father.

Julio.

Alberto.

} Noblemen of Naples.

Fabio.

Horatio.

} Noblemen of Sicily.

Trivulsi

Fabrichio

} Captaines.

Mauritio.

Didimo a Page to Rosinda.

Pazzorello a servant to Rosinda.

Soldiers.

Rosinda the daughter of Sicily.

Cassandra Vittories mistresse.

Flavia, Lady attendant on Rosinda.



Rare Book Room
Dunsmuir
D Hall
1-29-48
61357



TO
THE RIGHT HONO.
RABLE GEORGE LORD
BARKLEY, of Barkely
Castle.

My Lord,

THe many testimonies of your excellent nature, with so much furniture, and ornament of learning; have in the hearts of the knowing world erected monuments to your living fame, and long since prepar'd my particular ambition to be knowne to you, that I, among other, whose more happy wits have gain'd by being onely read under so noble a Patron, might by some timely application derive upon me your Lordships influence. Be pleas'd my most honourable Lord to accept this Poeme, till something of more high endeavour

The Epistle &c.

may present my service, yet let me not barre it the truth of this Character, it hath beene gratefull to the stage, and gracionsly entertain'd at Court by their Majesties, Now if your Lordship smile upon it in this addresse, and bid it welcome, it shall dwell with honour and security under your name, and the author glory to profeſſe himſelfe

My Lord

Your most humble

Honourer,

JAMES SHIRLY.

THE



THE YOVNG ADMIRALL.

The first Act.

Enter Prince, and Alberto.



Liberto. My Lord y'are sad.

Pr. I am thinking, *Alberto,*
Of many things, have I not cause

Al. You may
Thinke on em with lesse trouble.

Pr. But of all
What dost imagine most afflicts me; ile

Prevent thy answere, I am not troubled.

With the present threatnings of the Enemy,

With all his preparations to invade us.

Al. You have more confidence in *Vittori,* sent
To meete the insulting King, he has heene fortunatē
In many warres.

Pr. The warres consume *Vittori,*
He has heene too fortunate.

Al. Your wishes ere
Against the common peace, if hē provē not
A happie Admirall we are lost.

Pr. Be thou

B

And

The Young Admirall.

And all thy name lost, and may no age
Find it agen : how dare you interrupt us?
When we do want your Councell, wel'e call for you.
Al. I am gone sir.

Enter Iulio.

Pr. My *Iulio* welcome,
What speakes *Cassandra* yet?

Iu. Nothing to encourage you, the same obstinate thing
Victory has her heart, she much condemnes
The roughnesse which you mix'd with your last courtship,
She saies your Father may command her life,
But you must be a stranger to her bosome.

Pr. I was too rude at my last visit.

Iu. Rather sir too tame.

Pr. Have I for this drawne warre vpon my countrey,
Neglected *Sicilies* Daughter, left a staine
Vpon his Court, and paid his Entertainment
With wounding one he lou'd?

Iu. His favourite

You had beene lesse sir, then your selfe to have suffered
His insolence, nor was't an act becomming
His Master, to send hither to negotiate
A marriage for his Daughter, and when you
So farre engag'd your selfe upon a visite,
To permit any of his gaudy upstarts
Affront your person.

Pr. I acquit the King,

Twass no state quarrell, high with wine he did
Throw some disgrace on our Italian Ladies,
Whilst he would magnifie some beauties there,
This he did second with a pride, and rudenesse,
My patience was not tame enough to suffer,
And carelesse of all danger I did punish him.

Iu. Twass home and handsome.

Pr. I must owe to fortune.

Iu. For your returne, she did but do her duty,
To make it swift and happy.

Pr. I confesse the princeesse us'd me nobly, though my fancy
Was

The Young Admirall.

Was not surpris'd, for here I kept the image
Of faire *Cassandra*, whose divine beauty
Doth scorne all competition.

Iu. Did you love *Cassandra* before you went to *Sicily*?

Pr. Yes but with too much silence, and that love
Did make me apprehend more fiercely the
Occasion to breake off all forraine treaty,
Horatio's fall, and my quitting the Country,
Vpon't the king interprets a disgrace
To his daughter and himselfe, and in revengē
Hath added this new tempest to the Sea,
Mean't to our ruine *Iulio*.

Iu. All their fury
May soone be interrupted, if *Vittory*
Mannage his businesse well.

Pr. That's all my trouble. *Iu.* What?

Pr. *Vittory* ther's the devill on't, he may
Be fortunate and overcome.

Iu. Can there
Be ill in that?

Pr. Ill? thou art shallow, I
Made him not Admirall, but to engage
His youth and spirit, apt to fly on dangers,
To perish in his hot pursuit of honour,
If he come home with victory, my Father
And his wife state must give him thanks, the people
Giddily runne, to meete the Conquerour,
And owe their lives, and safety to his triumph.
But where am I? what peace brings it to me?
What blessing i't to heare the generall voyce
Shoot their wild joyes to heaven, and I in torment
Certaine to lose my hopes in faire *Cassandra*?

Iu. There may be waies at home to remove him,
And plant you in your wishes.

Pr. It would be
Most happinesse to heare his death.

Iu. That may
Ruine a Kingdome.

The Young Admirall.

Pr. Ruine twenty more;
So I enioy her first, nothing can be
Too precious to forfeit, I am mad,
And my desires by opposition grow
More violent.

In. I thought your masculine soule
Lesse capable of vexation, shall a subject
Whom with your breath you may blow out o'th' world
Raife su h a storme within you?

Pr. No he sha' not.
I ha found my selfe againe, come ile be merry,
But I will have *Cassandra* spight of fate?

In. Resolve and have her.

Pr. Stay, it were convenient
We did know how to doe this *Iulio*.

In. Y'are in the right sir, it were first indeed
Convenient to know how.

Pr. Thou knowst his Father.

In. Signior *Alphonso*.

Pr. A bold and daring Gentleman, all flame
When he is mov'd, and carelesse of a danger
To vindicate his honour.

In. What of this?

Pr. He shall beare the foundation of a plot,
To make me Lord of my desires.

In. Heele rather
Meet tortures then consent, his arme is not
Yet withered, and while he can lift a sword,
He will employ it to revenge *Vittori*.

Pr. Thou art no Polititian *Iulio*.

Enter Fabio.

How now? what newes with you?

Fa. And please your grace
An humble creature of yours, proud of the least
Occasion to expresse how faithfully
My heart is fixt to serve you.

Pr. Whats your businesse?

In. I have businesse of some consequence,

The Young Admirall.

I had not beene so bold else to disturbe
Your Princely conference, for I durst never
Assume that impudent garbe, that other courtiers
Are knowne by, my devotion has beene still
To appeare in modest services.

Pr. To'th point.

Fa. It were a point of deepe neglect to keepe
Your grace in expectation, yet delaies
Make ioyes the sweeter, arrowes that fly compassse,
Arrive with as much happinesse to the marke,
As those are shot pointblanke?

Pr. This Courtier loves
To heare himselfe talke, be not so impertinent,
We know your care.

Fa. And cost my Lord sometimes,
For they that hold intelligence abroad
To benefit their countrey, must not make
Idolls of their estates, and tis a happinesse
To sell their fortunes for their Princes smile,
Which I am confident you will vouchsafe,
When you have heard my newes.

Pr. Woud you would vouchsafe
To let us heare?

Fa. Vouchsafe my Lord, alas!
You may command my tongue, my hands, my feete,
My head, I should account that limbe superfluous
That would not be cut off to do you service.

Pr. I do command thee silence, dost heare, silence.

Fa. It is a verture my good Lord I know,
But where the tongue has something to deliver,
That may delight a Princes care, and so forth.

Pr. Now theres some hope, he's come to his, and so forth.

Fa. The newes concernes the Admirall *Vittori*.

Pr. What of him, is he slaine?

Fa. The starres forbid, he is return'd my Lord,
Triumphant, brave, and glorious--

Pr. Be dumbe.

Another syllable, Ile ha thy tongue out,

The Young Admirall.

And leave no roote, lest there grow out another,
Was all your circumstance for this?

7th. My Lord!

You are too open breasted, let this fellow
See into your heart, wisemen disguise their counsels
Till things are ripe.

Pr. Begon, pox o' your legges
And the curse ha' not beene before, yet stay,
Give order that no man goe forth to meete him
Vntill our pleasure further knowne, command
The Governour oth City place a guard
About the gates, let no mans face appeare
Without the walls, the King our father meanes
To salute him first in person, dee stand.

Fa. Give order that no man goe forth to meete him,
I shall my Lord.

Pr. He shall be entertain'd,
I feele new armies in my brest,
His father

Enter Alphonso.

Thine eare *Julio.*

Al. I shall attend you straight
My honorable Lord.

Al. Your servant *Julio*
Where is the Prince? I beg your graces pardon.

Pr. Oh my good Lord, your sonne I heare's return'd
With hon our, has defeated the *Sicilian*
Bravely.

Al. He has and please your highnesse, heavē
Has smild upon his undertaking, it
renewes my youth to heare it.

Pr. He had good souldiers,
But all their valour still conspires to make
The generall a garland, he must weare
The conquering bayes, whose blood soever pay's for't.

Al. My Lord.

Pr. Nay, nay I envie not his victory.

Al. You envie him, it was your cause he fought,
And for his Country.

Pr. Right,

The Young Admirall

Pr. Right, and tis the cause
That often prospers, that without his valour
Would ha defend'd it selfe.

Al. If all vertue
Were left to her owne protection, my Lord,
Vnarm'd with strength and policie, best states
Would finde shrew'd innovations.

Pr. You had best
Tell me I lie.

Al. I dare not thinke so foulely.

Pr. Y'are a traitor, *Enter Iulio with a Guard.*
Lay hands on him.

Al. He that shall dare to say *Alphonso* is
A traytor, let his veines partake no blood
Of yours, and he shall curse he had a tongue.

Pr. Disarme the rebell, and to prison with him.

Al. Ingratefull Prince.

Pr. Ile tame your ruffian spirit.
So, so, ile now acquaint my father *Iulio*,
Who must allow my act, diseases that
Are desperate require a rugged handling,
This is for thee *Cassandra*!

Enter Vittori, Mauricion, Captaine and Souldiers.

Vi. Stand.

1. Stand. 2 Stand. 3 Stand.

Vi. The King receiv'd intelligence!

Ma. Our ships
Must needs report that loud enough.

Vi. Tis strange,
Is it not possible we have mistooke
The shore, transported with our navall victory,
Speake gentlemen! or doe we dreame?

Ma. Those walls
Are certainly the same, and that the City
Peopled when we launch'd forth, and full of prayers
For our successe.

Ca. It may be they reserve
Their welcome till we march into the City!

Ma. They

The Young Admirall

Ma. They may have some conceit.

Vi. A generall silence
Like night dwels round about us, and no signe
That men inhabite, have we wonne at Sea
To lose our selves upon the Land? or in
Our absence hath some monster landed here
And made it desolate, devour'd the Natives,
And made em creepe into the earth agen?

Ma. They might salute us with one peece of ordnance!

Vi. They cannot take us for their enemies,
Captaine enquire the cause, let none else move;
Yet stay, unlesse it be some strange mortality,
And yet that cannot be, have we brought home
Their safety purchas'd through so many horrors,
And is this all the payment for our conquest?
To shut the gates upon us.

Cap. Force them open
With the Canon, shake their walls about their eares;
They are asleepe.

Vi. For such another rashnesse
Thy head shall be the bullet of that Canon;
And shot into the towne; go to! be temperate,
As I grudge none the merit of their valour,
I must heare none so bold.

Cap. I ha done sir.

Vi. Subjects are bound to fight for princes, they
Not bound to the reward of every service,
I looke upon thee now fighting at sea,
And have forgot this error, give no breath
To such a thought hereafter, Honour payes
Double where Kings neglect, and he is valiant
Truely that dares forget to be rewarded.

I. So. This is but cold comfort for a knaplacke man.

Vi. And yet tis strange the King should thus neglect us,
This is cheape entertainment for a conquerour
Is't not *Miserio?* misery of Souldiers
When they have sweat blood for their Countries honour,
They stand at others mercy,

Ma. They

They

The Young Admirall.

Ma. They have slept since
And dream't not of our sufferings.

Vi. Is the Prince
Alive, to whom we owe our Countries quarrell
The difference of both Kingdomes?
Our warre and fortunes justifie his act
Can he be guilty of this shame? no more,
There's something would faine mutinie within me,
Strangle the snakes betime *Vittori* — so
This was a way to forfeit all our fames;
Fold up your Ensignes throw off all the pride
That may expresse a triumph, well march on
As we had over bought our victory.

Ma. The gates are open now, and we discover
A woman by her veile, in mourning habit,
Comming this way.

Vi. Alone? more strange and fatall,
It may be tis my genius come to give
A melancholy warning of my death,
As *Brutus* had from his, Ile stand my destiny,
Yet bearing the resemblance of a woman
It will lesse terrifie, who should this be?

Enter Cassandra veild in mourning.

Lady your garment speakes you a sad woman,
Greefes should salute no neerer, if it were
In poore *Vittories* power to dispossesse you
Of any sorrow.

Cass. Oh my deare *Vittori*
My wishes ayme at none beside.

Vi. *Cassandra?*
We are rewarded, had *Vittori* taken
Into his body a thousand wounds, this kisse
Had made me well againe, or but one droppe
Of this rich balsome, for I know thy teares
Are joy to see *Vittori* safe, the King
With all the glories of his Province cannot
Doe halfe this honour to his Admirall,
I have a place above all happinesse,

The Young Admirall.

And meete a greater empire in thy love
Then fame or victorie hath ever boasted,
My owne my best *Cassandra* !

Ca. Call agen

That temper, which hath made *Vittori* honour'd
And if my teares which carry somethings more
Then joy to welcome home, my best lov'd Lord
Affect you with no sadnesse, which I wish not,
Yet looke upon this mourning not put on
To counterfeit a grieffe, and that will tell you
There is necessity for you to know
Somewhat to cheeke the current of your triumph.

Ma. What prodigies are these?

Vi. I was too carelesse

Of this sad habit, joy to see thy face
Made me distinguish nothing else, proceed
And punish my too prodigall embraces,
It is not fit I be in one thought blest
And thou in such a Livery.

Ca. When you say

You have strength enough to entertaine the knowledge
Of such an injury.

Vi. If it onely point

At me, speake it at once, I am collected,
Shat see I will be conqueror at home,
If it concerne thy selfe, let it not flow
Too fast, but rather let my eare receive it
By such degrees as may not kill too soone,
But leave me some life onely to revenge it.

Ca. The Prince whose cause engag'd your warre abroad,
Hath ill rewarded you at home.

Vi. He cannot !

Ca. Sir in your absence I have suffered for you,
Hourely sollicit to my dishonour.

Vi. Ha !

Ca. For though he cald it love; I might suspect it,
His personall visits, messengers, rich presents
Left me not quiet to enjoy my selfe.

The Young Admiral.

I told him I had given my faith already,
Contracted yours, impatient of my answers,
He urg'd his greatnesse, sweare he would enjoy me,
Or be no Prince in *Naples*, I am yet
Preserv'd, and welcome home my deereft safety.

Vi. The Prince doe this!

Ca. This is but halfe the story,
By his command none dare salute your victory,
Or powre their glad hearts forth at your returne,
To these he hath newly added the dishonour of
Your father, whom he hath commanded close
Prisoner ith Castle, upon some pretence
Of treason, in my eyes you may behold
How people shed their sorrow, as the guard
Led him to prison, none so bold to aske
The cause that made him suffer in his miserie.

Vi. Will the King suffer this?

Ca. Alas his age
Hath made him tame, a too indulgent father
To such a sonne, whose will is all the law,
Controlling what he pleases in this fall
Of justice; which way will *Vittori* take?

Vi. *Mauricio* didst heare this? we must aske
Forgivenesse that we have beene valiant,
Repent our duties, and that victory
We bought so deere, we shud have dyed at sea,
And then perhaps beene talk'd on in the croud
Of honest men, for giving up our lives,
Which for our service they may now take from us,
We are not yet i th snare, and we have power
To stifle their designs, and prevent our
Dishonourable fall.

Ma. The souldiers hearts
Are yours.

Vi. No *Mauricio* let em be the Kings,
If such as they forget their office, we
Must keepe our thoughts unstain'd, ile to the King,
But without any traine.

The Young Admirall.

Ma. In this you do not
Consult your safety.

Vi. Safety is a lecture
To be read to Children, I doe alwayes carry
My owne security within, *Mauricio*,
Yet doe not thinke I am desperate, ile take
No knowledge of the Princes action
But give account of my engagement, thats
Not much amisse, the King I know is gracious
And the Prince too, how ever passion play
This rebell in our soule.

Ma. You shannot neede sir,
The King is comming hither,

Vi. And the Prince,
Lets all looke smooth, the King is come himselte
To gratulate our successe.

Enter King of Naples, Prince, Iulio, Fabio,
Alberto.

You too much honour
The poore *Vittori*, who at your feete layes.
His heart and victory, and that which gave
Him power to doe you service.

King. We receive it,
And here discharge your souldiers, who shall taste
Of our particular bounty.

Omnes Sol. Heaven preserve the King. *Exit. Sol.*

Pr. Sirra did not I give strict charge
That none should passe the gates, how came she hither?

Fab. No man and like your grace, I did remember
And durst not prevaricate in one syllable
Of my Commission, she is a Lady sir.

Pr. You wood be an officious hangman I perceive,
Ile finde you understanding.

Vi. Let me prostrate
My duty to your highnesse, and be honour'd
To kisse your hand.

Pr. *Vittori* ile not flatter
I have no grace for him, whose father durst

Attempt

The Young Admirall.

Attempt an insolence upon my person,
Which the sonne may be guilty of in his blood.

Vi. My father insolent, and I guilty sir,
Because I share his blood? oh that I knew
In what part of my veines to finde those drops,
That I might sacrifice to your anger,
And expiate my Fathers sinne!

Pr. I came not to expostulate.

Vi. Is this all my reward?

Pr. Your valour has
Beene payd in the successe, what you have donē
Was duty, if you have not mixed our cause
With private and particular revenge.

Vi. You speake not this to me sir.

Pr. Yes to you,
We doe not feare the bugbears in your forehead,
You will heare more.

Exeunt Prince, Isko.

Vi. Sir you have mercy in you.

Kin. You have displeas'd our sonne *Vittori.*

Vi. I? witnesse the Angels.

Ki. I must tell you too,
Your father has transgressed beyond example.

Vi. Good heaven forgive him, is this all,
All my reward?

Ki. What would you aske.

Vi. Aske — why — I aske my father.

Ki. Your father? *Exit King, Alb. Fabio.*

Vi. Goodnesse leave me not the wonder
Of all mankind; gentlemen all gone.

Ca. Alas *Vittori.*

Vi. I that commanded thousands
This morning am not owner of one servant
Dost thou stay with me?

Ca. My prophetick soule
Knew this before.

Enter King, Alberto, Fabio.

Vi. The King returnēs, *Cassandra.*

Ki. We ha thought upon't *Vittori*, and without
The Councell of our sonne, will condescend

The Young Admirall.

To your Fathers liberty, he is yours upon
Condition, you and he, and this your Mistresse
Go into present banishment.

Vi. How! banishment?

Ki. I runne my sonnes distast

There is no time for study, he affects
That Lady, if you stay something may follow,
To th generall repentance, troth I pittie thee,
Here take our signet, time and absence may
Correct all.

Exit King cum ceteris suis.

Ca. Oh embrace it deere *Vittori*,
We shall meete safely every where but here,
Enlarge your Father, and we cannot misse
A happier fate.

Vi. Can my *Cassandra* thinke so?
That word shall make me live a little longer,
But these are strange turnes Madam, *Naples* hath
No dwellings for us, when we are quit of these,
Wee'le with our griefe make tame some wildernesse.

Exit.

The second Act.

Enter King, Prince, Alberto, Fabio.

King. Whats to be done?

Pr. Done, y'are undone all,

Betraid the Crowne you weare, I see it tremble
Vpon your head, give such a licence to
A Rebell, trust him abroad to gather
Strength to the Kingdomes ruine.

King. What can such
A naked man attempt to make us feare?

Pr. He carries with him a whole army fir
The peoples love, who want no giddinesse
Had they but opportunity, and such
A master Rebell as *Vittori*, to
Make spoyle of all, who counceild him to this.

Al. Not I and please your grace, I wish it heartily

The Young Admirall.

Vndone.

Pr. You wish it sir, are wishes now
The remedy for such a mischief, you
When the state bleeds, will wish it well agen;
Y'are fine court Surgeons, had you staide his Father
It might have check'd his treason, or *Cassandra*.

Al. That's his torment.

Pr. We had beene secure,
Exasperated now with his affront,
As never traitor wanted impudence
To blanch ore his rebellion, he may inflame
The Neighbour Princes, to conspire some warre
For his revenge.

Fa. his grace sayes right, there may
Be a consequence of much danger, and *Vittori*
Has fame abroad.

Ki. I did it for the best,
By his absence thinking to remoue his anger,
I could have beene content, to have honoured him,
For to say truth, his services did challenge
More friendly paiment.

Fa. To say truth, he was
A noble valiant gentleman, and deseru'd

Pr. What deseru'd he?

Fa. A halter, and shall please
Your Highnesse, I did wonder at your patience
He was not put to death.

Pr. I must acknowledge,
Vittori has deseru'd for many services,
The love and honour of his country, fought
Their battels, and brought conquest home, made tame
The Seas that threatned us, secur'd the Land,
And *Rome* allowd some Consuls for lesse Victories,
Triumphs, and Statues.

Fa. Most excellent Prince
How just he is.

Pr. But when opinion
Of their owne merit swels em into pride,

Which

The Young Admirall.

Which sets a price of that, which modesty
Should count an act of their obedience,
They forfeit the reward of thanks and honour,
And betray poore and most vaine-glorious soules,
Scipio, and *Antony*, and other *Romanes*,
Deseru'd well of the Senate, and were honoured,
But when they ran to faction, and pursued
Ambitious endes to undo their Countries peace,
They were no longer Patriots, but declared
Romes poyson, and like gangrenes on the state
To bee cut off, lest they corrupt the body.

Fa. Was ever Prince so wise!

Ki. But sonne, sonne, how
Can these stains reach *Vittori*? he hath given
No argument to suspect his fall from Loyalty.

Pr. I do not sir accuse him, nor did I
More then became the spirit of a Prince,
Show I was sensible of his Fathers impudence,
If you remember, when I urg'd what trespasse
His Father had committed, he urg'd aloude,
Was this all his reward, as if his service
Were obligation to make us suffer,
And justifie their affronts, but I waste breath
Since you are so well pleas'd, my duty sir
Shall speake me still your Sonne, but let me take
Boldnesse to prophesie their insolence
Strucke at my person first, but you will find
Their pride reach higher, I am but a branch
Superfluous, and may be prund away,
You have you say, no argument to suspect
His fall from Loyalty, if whats done to me
Be dead within you, yet remember now
You have disingag'd by exile his relation
And tie of subject, he owes now no faith to you,
What that, and his disgrace and opportunity
Abroad may frame him to, I leave, to imagine.

Ki. Nay prethee come backe, thou hast awak'd me,
I finde my rashnesse, I did never thinke

There

The Young Admirall.

There had beene so much danger, we will study
Timely prevention, let em be cald backe,
Fly after em, and in our name command.

Pr. You shanot need.

Ki. How shanot need?

Pr. Your pardon.

In hope your wisdome would allow it, after
I have made that my act, *Julio* is gone
With strict commission for that purpose.

Ki. *Julio*?

I thanke thy care.

Fa. I was most divinely thought on, most maturely.
Now all your jealousies are laid.

Pr. I shall

Compose my selfe at his returne, to weare
What countenance you will direct.

Ki. *Cassandra*

Y'ave sent for too.

Pr. By any meanes she is
So precious to *Vittori*, had she sinn'd
Alone to merit banishment, hee would follow her
Through all the world.

Ki. Women are strangely attractive,
Fame speaks her vertuous too.

Pr. Some vertue she has--

Julio has prospered,
Tha't done good service,

Alphonso though your late affront to us
Be foule in its owne nature, and may encourage
Others by your impunitie, yet we have
With the remembrance of your former actions
Lost your offence, *Vittori* too shall find
The honour he deserves.

Al. How's this?

Pr. Where is he?

He does not scorne our mercy; *Julio*,
Where is *Cassandra*?

Julio. Shipt with *Vittori*, thanke *Alphonso* for't

D

Whom

The Young Admirall.

Whom you have pardoned, they are both at Sea.

Pr. Whirle winds pursue em.

Ki. Where's your sonne *Alphonso*?

Al. Embark'd with his faire Mistresse, I observe
My Lord which way your anger moves, in vaine
You vex your soule for them, the Sea's no part
Of your command, the winds are masters there,
Which cannot raise a storme so blacke and ominous,
As their owne countrey.

Pr. By what meanes escap'd they?

Alp. Take it from me, and after cut my head off,
I charg'd him as his heart wish'd to enjoy
A Fathers blessing, as he lov'd the honour
Of his *Cassandra*, fearing some new plot
To hire a Barke, and quickly put to Sea,
Whilst I made some stay to dispose affaires,
That might befriend us in another countrey,
He did obey and had my prayers, the winds
Convay'd him swiftly from the shore, and had
Your creature *Iulio* not made such haste,
I had dispatch'd, and in another vessell
Followed his ship, but heaven determined I
Should be agen your prisoner, use your power
But looke to give account for every haire
Of this old head, now withered in your service.

Pr. To the Castle with him.

Al. I, there's the King,

Let me use one word more Royall sir, to you.

Pr. You'le hear him.

Al. Feare not Prince, my soule's not false
So low to beg compassion.

Ki. Speake *Alphonso*?

Al. My duty still preserv'd, I would advise
Your age to quit the trouble of your Kingdome,
And aske the Princes leave to turne a *Capuchin*,
Why should you stoups with burthen of such a state,
And have a sonne so active, turne Fryer, my Lord,
And make the youngman King,

The Young Admirall

Pr. I must endure.

Ki. Away with him.

Fab. Ile see him safe my Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

Pr. What hasty newes with you.

Mess. To Armes great sir for your defence, there are
New dangers from the Sea.

Kin. Another Fleet?

Mes. And sailing this way, we suspect they are
Sicilians.

Ki. *Vittori* gave ablow to their designe.

Pr. Dee but suspect it vilaine?

In. It may bee

Some scattered ships.

Pr. Has not *Vittori* mock'd us,
And plaide the vilaine with your trust.

Ki. They could not be reinforced so soone, what number?

Mes. They cover sir the seas.

Pr. Gather up forces to
Prevent the landing.

Mes. Tis impossible?
They touch our shore by this time.

Ki. Then make safe
The City.

Al. It may be another Fleet, meant to releve
The first, and came not forth so soone.

Ki. Now we want *Vittori*.

Exit.

Pr. All the diseases *Naples* ever gron'd with
Ore take *Vittori*, but *Alphonso* shall
Pay deerely for this mischief.

In. Be not sir
Dejected, tis more easie to defend
At home, then thrive in forraine warre, these men
Will find as proud resistance.

Pr. Canst thou thinke
I do looke pale for this? no *Julio*,
Although the suddaine newes might move me somewhat
I have a heart above all feare, and can
Know no distraction but *Cassandra's* absence,

The Young Admiral.

That makes me looke so wild, and teares my braine
With the imagination.

Is. But the state

We are in requires you should be active fir.

Pr. Ah *Julia*, the armies which I feare

Are not abroad, they have made entrenchment here.

Exit,

*A shout within, Enter the King of
Sicily, Horatio, Trivulsi, Fabrichio.*

Hor. Though *Naples* do not bid you welcome fir
A shore, the joyes and duties of your subjects
Cannot be silent.

Ki. We do thanke you all,
The seas were kinde, and the winds kissd our sailes.
All things conspir'd to our revenge.

Tr. Your Iustice
Our very enemies acknowledge it,
And conscious of their injurie, are afraid
To looke upon us.

Ki. Marshall of the field
Give present order for entrenchments.
Weele quarter here, you shall make good that part
With your horse troupes, and plant Canons on that hill,
To play upon the towne, *Naples* shall find
We did not venture all upon one stake,
That petty losse at sea which made them triumph,
And perhaps carelesse of more opposition
Shall dearely be accounted for, beside
Dishonouring our Daughter, and our Court
By such a rude departure.

Hor. As they had
Scorn'd your alliance.

Ki. Thy particular
Suffrings *Horatio*, and wounds are put
Into the scale.

Hor. They are not worthy fir,
Had his sword reach'd my heart, my death had beene
No sinne compar'd to that affront he threw,
Vpon your selfe and Daughter, I was bound

The Young Admirall.

To engage that blood was given me to serve you,
And I doe love those drops that in a cause
So just made haste to shew their duty to you
Better than those that dwell within my heart.

Ki. We are confident of thy loyalty.

Tr. The Princeesse.

Enter Rosinda and Flavia.

Ki. Alas *Rosinda* thou wert not bred to these
Tumults and noyse of warre, has not the sea
Impair'd thy health, I was too rash to allow
Thy travaile, and expose thy tenderneſſe
To this rude voyage.

Ro. It appeares to me
A pleasant change of ayre, I have heard men talke
Of many horrors that attend the seas
Of tempeſts, and of dangers, I have ſeene
Nothing to fright me, if the waves put on
No other ſhape, I could exchange me thinkes
My dwelling on the land.

Ho. We owe this happineſſe
To you faire Princeſſe, for whose ſafer paſſage
The breath of heaven did gently ſwell our ſailes,
The waves were proud to beare ſo rich a lading,
And danc'd toth' muſicke of the windes.

Ro. You ſhew
Your complement my Lord, call you this *Naples*?

Ki. The kingdome of our enemy which ſhall
groane for the inhabitants. Are all our forces
Landed?

Tr. Safe to your wiſhes, and expect
What they ſhall be commanded.

King. We muſt firſt
Secure the ground we have, being defenc'd
With workes, we may prevent their fallies, and
Affault to our beſt advantage, ſtill preſerve
Thy courage my *Rosinda*, tis for thee
We have adventurd hither.

Roſ. And you have
Beene kinde to the petition of your daughter,

The Young Admirall.

Who can in duty waite upon your fortune
At home, I should have withered in your absence,
I shall grow valiant here.

Ki. My deereft child,
Whose very eyes doe kindle flames of courage
In every souldier, be still safe, and promise
Thy selfe a brave revenge.

Fla. What will become of us *Madam*?

Ro. We must take our fortunes, I am sorry
For thee.

Fla. You have some reason for your selfe, if any danger follow I know where to place the cause, but I dare suffer with your grace,

Enter Paz. and Page.

Pazzorello Madam, and the Page

Ro. Hee's come in good time to releeve our thoughts.

Paz. Madam.

Pag. Come plucke up a good heart.

Paz. Tis comming out as fast as it can, sweete *Didimo* hold my head.

Pag. Come, tis but a little sea sicknesse.

Paz. Seasicke quotha — a vengeance of all drunken voyages, I can doe nothing but —

Ro. How now *Pazzorello*?

Paz. Oh Madam, never did man cast up so much, and had so little skill in Arithmeticke, nothing grieves me, but I have not drunke for't. I have a perpetuall motion in my belly, the foure winds are together by the eares in my small guts, would I had never knowne the Sea, little did I thinke — oh —

Fla. Thou art a fresh water souldier.

Paz. Freshwater? I know not, be judge by the whole ship, If I was not in a sweete pickle.

Ro. The worst is past; this is but phyicke.

Paz. If I had thought the sea would have given me so many vomits, I would have seene it burn'd, ere I would ha ventured so farre, I ha purg'd both wayes, and the enimie had met us before we landed, I should have scour'd some on em.

Pa. How doe you now?

Paz. The fit is not so violent altogether, a shipboard I runne

The Young Admirall.

a tilt, howsoeuer I beseech your grace, that I may goe home agen.

Ro. There is no way by land.

Pag. And a little more jogging at sea ———

Paz. The very word Sea, boyles in my stomacke, and will make my mouth runne over presently ——— ho it comes, it comes. *Exit.*

Pag. Madam I have a great desire to attend him, I have cast a plot to make your, highnesse merry.

Ros. Youle play the wag with him, wee'le trust you to pursue

Pa. I humbly thanke your grace. *Exit.* (it

Ros. *Flavia* does not the day looke blacke o'th suddaine,

Fla. It has not the same complexion, I heare
A noyse too,

Ro. From the sea it growes loud.

Fla. 'Tis well we are a shore, oh me I tremble
To thinke what would be come on's, and we had
Not beene afore this tempest, I thanke providence
I was upon the Sea once in a storme,
But they use to clap the women under hatches,
I never prayd so in my life; the King!

Enter King Horatio, Trivulsi, Fabrichio!

Ki. I know not what to thinke, no sooner Landed,
But such a storme pursue us, does not this
Affright *Rosinda* into palenesse? dost
Not feele an ague?

Ro. I have rather cause
Sir to rejoyce, it overtooke us not
Vpon the sea, the furie of it there
Might have beene fatall.

Hor. Be not troubled sir,
My soule doth from this omen prophesie
The victorie you wish upon this kingdome,
Nor is it superstition to beleewe,
That heaven doth point us out the scourge to *Naples*,
By seconding our comming with a tempest;
The waves were proud to entertaine our Navie:
The fish in amorous courtship dane'd about

Our

The Young Admirall.

Our ship, and no rude gale from any coast
Was sent to hang upon our linnen wings,
To interrupt our wishes, not a starre
Muffled his brightnesse in a fullen cloud,
Till we arriv'd, and then observe how heavē
Threatens the fall of this proud enemy,
By this prodigious tempest, which but gives
Them warning of a greater.

Ki. We are confident
Thou hast happily expounded, what lightning
Darts from those angry exhalations.

Ho. It speakes the flame of our revenge.

Ki. What thunder?

Ho. The loudnesse of our canon, let their feares
Apply it; and runne mad with apprehension.

Tri. Our ships must needs fall foule on one another,
Riding ith haven.

Ho. Let em cracke their ribs,
We have the more necessity to tug for't.

Ki. Yet would thou wert at home.

Ros. Feare not for me sir,
Your absence would present my imagination
With more affliction, I suffer lesse
In knowledge, and shall rise by brave examples,
Valiant above my sex, these horrors fright
Not me.

Ki. This fire will quicken the whole army.

*Souldiours pursued by Vittori, Cassandra halfe dead
under his arme.*

What mutinie is here?

Vi. Base vilaines, to take part
With all the malice of the world against me.

Ki. What are you?

Vi. I am a Gentleman, and dare
Rather than suffer a rude hand divorce
This burden from my armes, desie you all.
Alas she will be gone, oh my *Cassandra*
Thy soule shannot forsake thee thus, ile take it

The Young Admirall.

In with a kisse.

Tr. Some whom the wracke has cast
Vpon the shore.

Ro. Pitty the gentlewoman.

Vi. Come not too neere, the man that first attempts
This Lady, had better rip his mothers wombe.

Ki. Whence are you?

Vi. You are strangers I perceive,
Then I presume to tell you, I have more iustice,
To tread upon this earth, then you, or any
The proudest, it once gave us birth, and fate
Vngentle fate, hath sent us backe to dye here,
But I will not outlive my deere *Cassandra*.

Ki. Doe you delight in wounds, resigne that Lady.

Vi. Not while my hand can manage this, the blood
You take, will make us walke on even pace
To death, and when my soule can stay no longer,
Ile leave a curse to blast you, but if you
Beare hearts of flesh about you, and will promise
A pittie to this poore departing Spirit
I will not use a sword, but give my life
To be commanded from me at your pleasure,
Your care will come too late.

Ki. I promise by
The word and honour of a King, she shall
Be carefully attended.

Vi. Though that name
Breed wonder in me, it secures all thoughts
That may concerne her safety.

Ki. See *Rosinda*
With as much diligence to this Ladies health,
As you'd preserve your owne.

Hor. An excellent creature!

Ki. My faith is past,
Now if you please you may acquaint us with
Your name and quality,

Vi. Something on the sudden
Weighes my hart lower, I ha not power to thanke him.

The Young Admirall.

Ki. Already you have exprest your selfe this Country man,
Be more particular.

Vi. My name's *Vittori*.

Ki. Hor. The Admirall of *Naples*?

Vi. It was a title!

I had too late, and lost it for my service;
I cannot conjure up the dead to witnesse,
There be some living that remember me,
It was my chance to have the bell at sea,
Against the bold *Sicilian*.

Ki. A chance sayst?

Vi. Few victories can boast more, all is but
The dye of Warre, which valour must obey,
My lot was to bring peace, and triumph home,
And my reward was banishment, the sea
Held me a sinfull burden to the waves,
Or else the blood I shed to mixe with em,
In anger and revenge conspir'd to throw
Our Barke, with the distressed lading backe
Vpon this flinty bosome of your Country,
You have at full my misery, be just
To that poore Lady, whatsoe're I suffer.

Ki. Your fame was with us earlier, entertaine him,

They disarm Vittori.

You are welcome man, there's cause we should
Be kinde to you.

Vi. Will a King staine his honour?

Ki. Know miserable man, thy destinies
Have made thee his, that will exact severe
Account for many lives, most happy storme,
Thy master too shall finde a punishment
Great as his pride, how fortunate we are!

Vi. I aske no mercy for my selfe, be kind
To that poore Lady, as y^e are a Prince, and I
Will kisse my fate.

Ki. We violate no promise made to her,
Though torment make thee curse thy selfe, blest heavens!
You shall pay deere for all.

Vi. Oh

The Young Admirall.

Vi. Oh my *Cassandra*,

When at the expence of all my blood, I have bought
Thy precious life from these hard hearted men,
Shed one teare on me; and I am pay'd agen.

Exeunt.

The third Act.

Pag. You should have thought of this afore.

Paz. I did thinke, and thinke on't agen, but there was necessity of going with the princeesse, or losing my place at court, when she came backe, prethee sweete *Didimo* counsell me, I shall nere endure these bounsing of gunnes, happy are they that can destroy gunpowder, without offence in their musterings, souldiers may talke, but there's neither wit nor honesty in making so many cripples, yet I would give one of my legs to have the tother secur'd, I care not which, cowards are commonly creatures of understanding, would I had purg'd away my foule at sea, there had beene peace among the Had-docks.

Pag. Come, I have a tricke to save thee harmelesse, thou shalt entreate to be gentleman of a company.

Paz. Shall I? whats that?

Pag. A singular priviledge I can tell you, oh the right hand file, doe not you know't.

Paz. A right handed file.

Pag. There's no honour like it, Ile not give a rush to be an officer, your Gentleman of a company marches in the vanne.

Paz. Vanne what's that?

Pag. The bullets first salute him, he goes up to the mouth of a Canon, he lies *perdue*.

Paz. *Perdue*?

Pag. More glorie than to command an army, to lye two houres upon his belly in the field, and digge a hole for his chin, when the bullets whisper in both his eares, whize; to be trod upon by horses, and scorne to reveale himselfe, sometimes to be snatch'd up by a party of firelockes, or if he fight to bee cut into honourable collups, or his limbes strewed about the field,

The Young Admirall.

which found by a subtlers wife, is sod for the knapsacke men, and goes currant for campe mutton, my father was a Captaine, and I have heard him tell brave stories of these gentlemen of companies.

Paz. And thou wodst ha me one of these gentlemen.

Pa. By any meanes.

Paz. Have the bullets first salute me Iye *perdue* as you call it, and be cut into honorable collups, or have my haunches sod by a subtlers wife, and passe for Campe mutton, this is the preferment you wish me to M. *Didimo*.

Pag. You shall be in no danger, I have but told you what fortunes other men have met withall, you shall be secure and march in the vanne.

Paz. and come up to the mouth of a Canon.

Pag. Tis my meaning.

Paz. Which if I doe, Ile give the Canon leave to eate me.

Pag. Dost thou thinke I would advise thee any thing for thy hurt.

Paz. Hurt, no no, these are but fleabittings, to have my limbes strew'd about the field, or so.

Pag. Come, I love thee, and will give thee prooffe, thou hast got money in thy service, put thy body in equipage, and beg of the princeesse to be one of these brave fellowes, I will put thee into a way, to get everlasting fame, and not a haire of thy head shall be the worse fort, thou shalt come off.

Paz. My head shall come off.

Pag. Thy whole body triumphant, my *Rossecleere*, and live to make Nations stand a tiptoe to heare thy brave adventures, thy head shall be enchanted and have a prooffe beyond the musty murrian, didst never heare of men that have beene sicke and shot free, with bodies no bullets could peirce.

Paz. Thats by witchcraft.

Pag. Tha'lt hit the naile boy, I will procure this feate done for thee, feare nothing, but be very secret, thy head shall be an anvile, and breake all the swords that light upon't, and for the shot, thy breath shall dampe a Canon, it shall fall off like one of thy buttons.

Paz. If this could be compas'd, I should love witches the better

The Young Admirall.

better while I live.

Pag. Here's my hand, something shall be donē, but put on a brave outside of resolution for the credit on't, that the world may beleeve tis thy valour puts thee upon desperate actions from which a charme shall bring thee off, or the devill shall nay to some body, here's the Princeesse.

Enter Rosinda, Cassandra, Flavia.

Looke high and let me heare how youle deserve the benefit.

Cas. Madam I know not in what language to Expresse those humble thanks my soule is full of,
It shall be justice, you command this life
You have preserv'd.

Ros. We should have forfeited
Humanity, not to have releev'd you
In such distresse.

Enter Horatio.

Ho. Shall I not trespass madam
Beyond your mercy, by this bold
Intrusion?

Ro. My Lord y'are welcome.

Ho. Your grace honours me, but to you lady
I am directed.

Cas. To me noble sir.

Paz. We shall be rusty here for want of use,
Oh for an action of battery, I long
To fight pell mell with some body.

Ro. Pazzorello.

Pag. He's growne most strangely valiant.

Fla. How he looks?

Paz. Madam I have an humble sute to your highnesse.

Ro. To me? yare like to prosper in't.

Paz. I beseech you I may not bee a Common Souldier, I
would crosse the seas for something, let me be gentleman of a
company, and let the bullets flye as fast as they can.

Ros. I must confesse you aske a place of honour, but of danger.

Paz. Danger's an Ass, oh that I were to fight
With the Generall now for two crownes!

Fla. A mighty wager!

Pag. He meanes both the kingdomes.

Paz. I

The Young Admirall.

Paz. I would desire no more then my finger against his musket. If we make no assault presently against the walles, I shall goe neere to mutinie, and kill two or three of our owne Capitaines.

Ro. This he that was sea-sicke?

Paz. Oh there is no honour, like to marching in the vanne! Ile not give a rush for a man that wonot ly *Perdue* halfe a yeere together, and come up to the teeth of a Canon.

Pag. To the Canons mouth, I speake by a figure.

Paz. Now you talke of the mouth; I will eate every day this leaguer foure and twenty Canon bullets butterd, and as many *Spanish* Pikes for sparagrasse: their steele points will fortifie my stomacke; I will kill my hundred men an houre for a twelve-moneth together.

Fla. Youle not have men enough to conquer.

Pag. When the men are all dead i'th towne, heele ly with all the women, and get as many more, rather then want enemies.

Paz. Oh how I could dernolish man woman and child now!

Ro. I see your spirit, and must cherish it; ile speake to my Lord; you may have your desire, but be not seene in't for your honour.

Paz. Hee's here indeed, *Didimo* when shall I be bewitch'd, and the devill do not put me in good security?

Pag. Trust me for that, lets leave em about it.

Hor. Can you be cruell Lady to that man, That offers you his heart?

Cas. Alas my Lord

You aske mine in exchange, and I have made it
A gift already to *Vittori*, while
He lives he must possesse it, as y'are noble
Prosecute this no further.

Hor. I have done,

Vittori then must dy.

Kin. Horatio,

*Enter King of Sicily Trivulsi,
Fabrichio*

Command your prisoner be brought to us presently.

Hor. I shall sir.

Exit

Cas. As you are a King, I beg your mercy

To

The Young Admirall.

To poore *Vittori*.

Ro. I petition too
For her desires.

Ki. Vnlesse he will be cruell to himselfe,
His fate smiles on him, does he love you Lady.

Cas. Great sir, we are one soule, life cannot be
So precious as our loves.

Ki. You shall preserve him, *Rosinda.*

Ro. I obey.

Exit.

Ki. Leave, as thy health
Is but a prologue to his blessing, that
Paper speaks our intention, you shall
Present it, if he be wise his judgement
Will meet our purpose, what we lost at sea,
We enable him to satisfie by a second
Proofof his courage, and propound not only
Life, and his liberty, but so great an honour
As next our title, there is left no glory
To equall it.

Cas. Y'are all bounty.

Ki. There are some
Conditions, if you find him coole, you may
Apply what argument you find to warme
His resolutions, here he is, I leave you. *Enter Vittori. Horatio.*

Vi. I waite sir your command.

Ki. She will instruct you. *Horatio. Exeunt. King and Hor.*

Vi. Enjoyes my best *Cassandra* perfect health,
The King is just, and I have not enough
With this poore life to satisfie.

Ca. Vittori

Wee now begin our happinesse, the King
Has beene so gracious.

Vi. All that's good reward him,
To see thee safe and smile, I writ my ambition.

Ca. When you peruse that paper, you will find
How much we owe to providence, it was
The Kings command I should deliver it,
The words were of such comfort that came with it,

I must

The Young Admirall.

I must be confident you'll thanke him for it.

Vi. What should this be?

Reads.

Noble Vittori, we know you are a Souldier, and present you not with naked pittie of your fortune, what some Prince would take away we have purpose to cherish, your life enjoy your selfe, and with it the Command of all our Forces. Naples ingratitude, if you have put no false shape upon your injuries, may bee argument enough to your revenge and justice. Be our Souldier, fight against your Country, so with one valour, you punish them, and make us satisfaction, we will have pledge for this trust in Cassandra, whose head shall be the price of your disobedience.

Sure I have lost my understanding ha?

Does it not bid me to fight against my Country?

I prethee reade *Cassandra*, and repent,

Thou hast thought him mercifull.

Cas. Wee have pledge for this trust in *Cassandra*, whose head shall be the price of your disobedience.

The language is too cleere.

Vi. It carries more

Darkenes then ever the night was guilty of,

And I looke blacke already to have read it,

Does he call treason justice, such a treason

As heathens blush at, Nature, and Religion

Tremble to heare, to fight against my country,

Tis a lesse sinne to kill my Father, there,

Or stab my owne heart, these are private mischēefes,

And may in time be wept for, but the least

Wouud-I can fasten on my Country makes

A Nation bleed, and my selfe too, blasts all

The memory of former actions,

And kils the name we live by, oh *Cassandra*

Thou didst not well to praise the King for this.

Cas. His words did found more comfort.

Vi. Prethee tell me?

How canst thou hope I should preserve my faith

Vnstain'd to thee, and breake to all the world?

Cas. *Naples* has beene injurious, and we made No solemne vow to love what hath betrai'd us.

Vi. Take heed, and do not greeve the Saints to hearē thee,

If

The Young Admirall.

If *Naples* have forgot *Vittories* service,
I must not make a desperate shipwracke of
My piety, what greater vow? It was
Articled in the creation of my soule
I should obey, and serve my Country with it
Above my selfe, death is a brave excuse for't,
No he shall see, I am a Souldier
And dare be just, say he should torture me,
Shall wickednesse be strong in punishment,
And we not be as valiant in our suffering?.

Ca. Can then *Vittori* be content to leave his
Cassandra to the misery of life
Alone? for in the number of mankind
I nere shall finde, another in whose love
I can place any comfort.

Vi. Do not say so?

Princes will court thee then, and at thy feete
Humble their Crownes, and purchase smiles with Provinces,
When I am dead the world shall dote on thee
And pay thy beauty tribute, I am thy
Affliction, and when thou art discharg'd
From loving me, thy eyes shall be at peace,
A Sunne more glorious shall draw up thy teares
Which gracing heaven in some new forme, shall make
The Constellations blush, and envy em ;
Or if thy love of me be so great, that when I am sacrific'd
Thou wot thinke of me, let this comfort thee,
I die my Countries Martyr, and ascend
Rich in my scarlet robe of bloud, my name
Shall staine no Chronicle, and my Tombe be blest
With such a garland time shall never wither :
Thou with a troupe of Wives as chaste as thee,
Shall visite my cold Sepulcher, and glory
To say, this doth enclose *Vittories* dust,
That died true to his honour, and his country,
Methinkes I am taking of my leave already,
And kissing the wet sorrowes from thy cheek,
Bid thee rejoyce, *Vittori* is a conqueror,

The Young Admirall.

And death his way to triumph. *Cas.* This is all,
A new disguise for griefe, to make it shew well.

Vi. To make it shew indeed, I have talk'd idly,
And miserably forgot my selfe, I am check'd,
This tels me another tale, if I refuse
To obey the Kings directions, he is not
So kinde to take the forfeit of my life,
But he will make the price of my neglect,
Cassandra's innocent blood, if I obey not
To do an act injurious to vertue,
Thy soule must be divorc'd. *Cas.* Sir I have read it,

And were not worthy of *Vittories* love
To value this poore life above his honour,
Keepe your high thoughts, preserve all peace within you,
You shall not buy my breath with your owne shame,
Ile die with that devotion, I ha praid for you,
Which trust me was most heartily, and ile shed
No teares for my owne funerall, if any
Vnruly drop breake forth, when we are parting,
Tis more to leave *Vittori* then the world,
Yet if thou wot give me leave, Ile confesse to thee
Before my head fall from this other peece,
I would deceive the hangman, for ere thou
Go from me, with a sigh into thy bosome,
I would convey my spirit, and leave him
But a pale ghost, to mocke his execution.

Vi. I cannot hold, this conflict is more fierce
Then many thousand battells, canst thou dy?

Cas. If you will have it so, you have taught me
To be in love with noble thoughts, I shall
Have some weepe ore my hearse, and when Im'e gone
Seald by my blood, a Martyr for thy love,
The world shall praise me for it, and the Virgins
And Wives, if I obtaine no other monument,
Build me a toombe within their hearts, and pay
Their yeerely songs and garlands, to my memory,
That died, to save *Vittories* life and honour.

Vi. How should *Cassandra* die to save *Vittori*?

The Young Admirall.

Cas. Allow it

So you be happie, and although my wishes
Are rather for the punishment of *Naples*,
More cruell then our enemies, yet if you
Thinke it dishonour to oppose that country,
I have a heart most willing to preserve
By any death your fame, lose not a scruple
Of your selfe for me, I carry thy love with me,
And prophesie my story shall throw more
Disgrace on *Naples*, then all thy revolt
Can bring upon thy name. *Vi.* I am in a tempest
And know not how to steere, destruction dwels
On both sides.

Ca. Come, resolve.

Vi. I must—to let

Thee live, I will take armes, forgive me then
Great *Genius* of my Country, that to save
Her life, I bring my honour to the grave.

Exeunt.

Enter Fabio and Mauritio at severall doores.

Fa. I know not what to say to these garboiles, there's a hot
Naples toward, and the Prince is so humerous a thother side,
I dare not come neere him, Captaine *Mauricio*.

Ma. Signior Fabio you dishonour your body, by straining so
much Complement.

Fa. Your humble servant Captaine.

Ma. A court instrument, and so deepe a base, you forget your
selfe, have the Warres made this alteration? keepe your garbe
and be staunch Signior, a Captaine is a thing too course for your
acquaintance, you wonot know Souldiers in peace.

Fa. Alas sir, the necessity of my affaires at Court, and placē so
devoures my attendance, that I cannot give that respect which
is due to a Gentleman of your quality, no neglect I beseech
you Sir.

Ma. I am glad tis comē about, what do you thinke now of
a Musket bullet next your heart, tis very provocative, come be
not sad, thou maist live a day or two longer.

Fa. I hope Captaine the state of the City is not so desperate.

Ma. We expect a battell every houre, & the wals to fly about

The Young Admirall.

Our eares, if they should be patient, we ha not provision to endure a siege, what will become of your pumps signior, your wrought shirts, and rich nightcaps, I say nothing of your wardrobe, jewells and other trinkets.

Fa. I stand not upon them, my life is more precious to me then all these.

Ma. What pittie it is so profound a gentleman should dye by gunpowder, what would you give to be sav'd now?

Fa. How dee meane Captaine?

Ma. For your soule let it shift, I thinke thou hast little care on't thy selfe, there be many would give all their estate to outlive these combustions.

Fa. I would I were sure on't, condition I lost halfe my land.

Ma. A match' my life against halfe your land to secure you, And make an indifferent bargaine presently.

Fa. Your life? how are you sure to live?

Ma. If I dye, you have halfe your land by't, if you live, tis worthy dividing transitory fortunes, I shall ha the worst match on't.

Fa. But how will you assure me Captaine?

Ma. Thou art not fencelesse, why your venter is but land against my life, which is more precious I hope than thousand acres, is this to be considered, clap hands, and we will have articles drawne for mutuall assurances, I doe not this to every man, but I hope to have good on thee hereafter; the King!

Enter King of N. Prince, Julio, Alberto.

Fab. And Prince.

Ma. Lets withdraw then, and conclude tis a safe bargaine for you sir, if you faile, what would all your estate doe you good, and then I forfeit my life, if you scape, I have but halfe your land.

Fab. I understand, and thanke you noble Captaine. *Exit.*

Ki. *Alphonso* must be sent for out of prison,
He's an experienc'd souldier. *Pr.* To betray us.

Ki. Now we are punished for *Vittories* banishment.

Pr. Your feare will make us cowards. *Iul.* Shall we make A sally forth? *King.* *Alberto.*

Pr. Wee le expect more
Advantage first, they have finisht their redoubt,

The Young Admirall.

Is our river guarded with a sconce? *Jul.* On that part

No enemy can endanger us. *Ki.* What if you

Tasted *Alphonso*, he has beene ever faithfull,

And we too rash. *Pr.* Keepe prudent watches *Julio*,

Something ith evening may be attempted,

Death is the worst, and better fall with honour

Then owe our life to feares, I would *Cassandra*

Were in their Campe, oh *Julio*. *In.* Twere better

She were at home in your possession.

A Herald sir. *Pr.* Admit him.

Ki. *Alberto, Julio.*

Exiunt. Enter againe, with Vittori

Pr. Whats the complement now.

like a Herald.

Vi. Thus *Naples* is saluted from my Master,

Provok't by injuries above the patience

Of kings to suffer, without thirst of blood

Or pride of conquest, he is come in armes

To aske a satisfaction, if you would

Not know the fury of a warre, which acts,

Such horrid ruines gainst men and nature, that

Repentance cannot easily absolve

The guilt in them that caus'd it, meet conditions,

And deserve timely my great matters friendship.

With mercy on your selves.

Pr. Mercy!

Ki. Be temperate.

Vi. Remember wounds are made more easily

Then curd, and now arriv'd within your countrey,

Révenge may spread a wild destruction,

Let mothers still enjoy their sleepe, and dwell

Within their husbands bosome, let their children

Live to requite the parents grone, and prosper,

Let old men pay their debt onely to nature,

And virgins dedicate their yet chaste wombe

To Hymens holy use, or at their quires

With freedome of their soules, sing holy prayers

For the sweete peace you lend em, to serve heaven.

Pr. This fellow's sent to mocke us, in my heart

I repent all the tye of armes and nations,

That gives such sauncy freedome to a Herald.

The Young Admirall.

Vi. I claime my priviledge, and dare say more.

Pr. What more? *Vi.* *Vittori* is our generall.

Ki. *Pr.* *Vittori* ? dares that traitour.

Vi. When Kings leave

Their justice, and throw shame upon deservers,
Patience so wounded turnes a fury.

Pr. How dares *Scicity* trust him ?

Vi. Yes he has good pledge;

Too great a pawne.

Pr. This, this vexation

I did expect, but we must not be frighted,

Tell your insulting master, he shall finde

Men that both dare, and can resist this fury ;

Conditions we despise, nor let him magnifie

His purchase in that rebell, every souldier

With us hath equall courage to *Vittori*,

But a soule far more honest.

Vi. Honest ?

Pr. So sir,

This warre shall justifie upon his heart.

Vi. I dare not stay to heare more, least my passions

Betray me, what a fire this language has

Shot through my blood, the poore old king sayes nothing,

But fills a place like a state cipher.

Pr. Herald.

Returne this to that Giant of your warre ;

Vittori, in his absence, we shall find

A punishment for his treason, and to coole

His hot veines, say the first attempt he makēs

Against us, shall as valiantly be answer'd

With his fathers head. *Vi.* Ha ?

Pr. By thy masters soule

It shall, and this is all our answer, see

Him safe without the walls.

Vi. Thunder has stricke me,

I feele new stings about my heart, my father ?

Was ever man so miserably throwne

Vpon despaire, if I refuse their warre

I lose my wife *Cassandra*, if I fight

My father bleeds, some divine arme sustaine

Exeunt.

My

The Young Admirall.

My feeble soule, instruct it how I should
Distinguish sorrow, and which blessing rather
I should now part with, a deere wife, or father.

The fourth Act.

Enter Rosinda Cassandra.

Ros. But did the Prince affect thee so *Cassandra*?

Cas. I have told you Madam every circumstance,
I should but flatter my owne misery
To speake it lesse, misfortune had not made me
Your prisoner now, if he had beene more temperate.

Ros. But did thy heart allow him no affection?
Thou wert much unkind.

Cas. He had my duty Madam,
Which still I owe him, as my prince, but I
Had but one faith, and that was given *Vittori*,
I feare I have displeas'd you.

Ro. No thou hast not,
Dost thinke he loves thee still?

Cas. I know not Madam, but I hope not.

Ros. Would I could hope so too;
Thou hast deserv'd my confidence, and although
Thou canst not helpe me, I must tell thee all,
I love that Prince, lov'd when I first saw him,
And when he courted me, I thought twas necessary
To shew I had a soft heart, but he flatter'd
And tooke too soone occasion of his absence,
The wounds he left upon *Horatio*
Were not so deepe as mine, which how soere
I have disguis'd yet from my fathers eye,
Can find no cure without his surgerie
That left them in my bosome, to this end
I urg'd my father to this warre, and beg'd
With many prayers to witnesse his revenge.

Cas. That was a desperate remedy, how if
Your father be overcome, and you made prisoners.

Ros. We shall find death or ransome, the first would

Conclude

The Young Admirall.

Conclude my sufferings, th' other not much harme us,
Perhaps advance my ends, but if the victorie
Should crowne our army, I should interpose
To make conditions for the Prince, fate must
Decide one of these wayes.

Cas. Madam I pittie you,
Sure if the Prince knew with what constancie
Your love breathes after him, he would finde a passion
To meete your Noble flame.

Ros. I know not whether
To pray for victorie, or to be conquer'd,
For till the warres conclude, I must despaire
To see whom my desires pursue.

Cas. Tis possible
That you may see him Madam.

Ros. When? *Cas.* This night,
And speake with him, without exposing your
Person to any danger. *Ros.* Prethee doe not
Mocke me sweete friend.

Cas. You were compassionate
Of me, and tis but duty I should answer it
With my desires to serve you, not to hold
Your thoughts in expectation, is there any
Gentleman neere, whom you dare trust?

Ros. With what?

Cas. With carriage of a paper, I shall runne
Some hazzard, but there's nothing can weigh downe
That goodnesse you have shewed me, being a stranger,
Ile frame a letter Madam in my name,
And by some charme of love invite him to
Your tent, if he retaine part of that flame
Which did so command in him, be assur'd
The Prince will come.

Ros. Thou wert create to make
Me blest, but with what safety can he reach
Thus far and not be knowne. *Cas.* He to whose trust
You give this secret, shall remove that feare.

Ros. There is a Captaine.

Cas.

The Young Admirall.

Cas. Best of all. *Ros. Fabrichio.*

Cas. Send for him straite, if you allow this device
He presently dispatch the amorous summons.

Ros. He call thee sister.

Cas. Call me servant Madam,
In that I am honour'd

Exit.

Enter Flavia disguis'd.

Fla. Are you ready Madam? *Ro.* For what?

Fla. To laugh, I am turn'd inchantresse, and now tis upon
the minute, *Pazzorella* by the boyes directions comes for his
magickall armour.

Ros. I have something of more consequence to finish,
But I may be at the end of your mirth. *Exit. Ros.*

Fla. Prosper in all your wishes. *Enter Page.*

Pag. Flavia That's excellent, *Herald* never
Look'd so dreadfully, where's the Princeesse?

Fla. She commanded not to expect her, but shee le not be long
absent, where's the gamester?

Pag. Almost within reach of your voyce, you'le remember
the circumstance, that he may be capable of the charme, hee's
mad to be enchanted.

Fla. I warrant you, I have some furies to assist me too.
Conduct him hither, if the foole after this conceiving himselfe
bewitch'd, should grow valiant, and doe wonders, who can
helpe it? if he have but the wit to keepe his owne counsell, let
him take his course, but he approaches.

Enter Pazzorello and Page.

Pag. That is she. *Paz.* That old hag.

Pag. Good words, she has come two hundred mile to day up-
on a distaffe, salute her, she expects it.

Paz. Would you have me kisse the devill?

Pag. Doe I say — This is the gentleman my loving Aunt,
For whom I doe beseech your powerfull spells.

Fla. To make him slicke, and shot free.

Pag. Right deere Aunt,
He is a precious friend of mine, and one
That will be ready servant to your pleasures
At night, or what houre you please to call him.

The Young Admirall.

Paz. Thou woudst not ha me lye with the old witch, what a generation of hobgoblins should we have together.

Pag. Nor for this benefit, shall you finde him onely Obedient to your selfe, but very dutifull

To any devill you have. *Fla.* He is welcome child.

Paz. What a salt peeter breath she has.

Fla. Where is *Mephestophiles*.

Paz. No more devils if you love me.

Fla. I must have some to search him.

Paz. Search me? where? for what?

Pag. How much was I overseene not to give you warning, Be not afraide what have you about you?

Paz. About me where in my breeches, what doe you meane I shall be cut for the stone.

Pag. Have you any money about you!

Paz. Yes I have money of all complexions in my pocket.

Pag. Away with it, as you love your selfe, not for your right hand, have one peece of gold or silver about you, no charmes can fasten on you then, her spells can have no power, if you doe not throw it away instantly — give mee't, ile keepe it from her knowledge, this were a tricke indeed — have you no goldfinches in your fob?

Paz. I defie him that has any thing in the likenesse of coyne.

Pag. This is all money in your pocket, and come to be made shot free. *Paz.* What must I doe now?

Pag. Kneele downe, and expect with obedience and admiration what will become on you — Great Aunt the gentleman is cleere and ready, you are sure you have no more impediment of this nature, if you dissemble, and be kild afterward, thanke your selfe. *Fla.* Where be my spirits?

Pag. He humbly desires you would finish him as privately as might be, he does not know the constitution of every devill, and to make too many acquainted, if he could be finished otherwise, your Art may dispence.

Fla. He must cut off his little finger then.

Paz. How cut off my finger!

Pag. What did you meane? here's a ring, a diamond,

Paz. I had forgot it.

Pag. No more, off wee't, if you love your hand, here's a jest to foole

The Young Admirall.

foole away your life quickly, not for the world, present it to her, great Lady of the Laplanders, this gentleman implores his mercie to his joynts, and offering this trifle, humbly prayes, you would honour him to wear it for his sake.

Fla. Comes it freely off.

Paz. It came off very hard, but I beseech your learned bel-damship, to accept it as a token of my duty.

Fla. I doe and thus prepar'd, delay
My charmes no longer, come away
You spirits that attend upon,
This powerfull incantation,
Have you brought that sacred iuyce,
Which at such a time we use;
Distill it gently I command;
Holding by eares with other hand.

Paz. Oh my eares. (feelee hereafter sir.

Pag. The more paine she puts you to now, the lesse youle

Fla. Now rub his temples, forehead eke,
Give his nose a gentle twaake,
Strike of palenesse, and bestow
On either cheek a lusty blow;
Take him by the haire and pull it,
Now his heads free from sword and bullet.

Paz. What will they doe with the rest of my body?

Fla. Gratpe his necke till he groane twice,

Paz. Oh, oh. *Fla.* Enough, now let the young man rise;
Thus on his shoulders I dispence
My wand to keepe all bullets thence;
And other weapons that would harme,
Pinch him now on either arme,

fairy-like. *Paz.* Oh, pox othe devill oh.

Fla. On his breast give him a thumpe,
And two kickes upon the rumpe.
No circumstance must be forgot,
To make him free from sticke and shot;
And now my patent charmes are done,
This man is free from sword and gunne.

Pag. Bounce, Y'are made for ever.

Fla. Farewell to both, for now must I

The Young Admirall.

On my winged Gennet flye.

Suckle and Hoppo fetch long strides,

By your mistresse as she rides.

Exit Flavia, &c.

Paz. Whether is she gone now?

Fla. Home to a witches upfitting, she's there

By this time.

Paz. Where?

Pag. In Lapland, she will crosse the sea in an eggeshell, and upon land hath a thousand wayes to convey her selfe in a minute, I did but whistle and she came to me.

Paz. She knowes your whistle belike, well art thou sure I am enchanted now?

Pag. It concernes you to be sure on't, and I must tell you one thing, if you make the least doubt on't, youle endanger all, charmes in this kind are nothing without the imagination, beleeve it, and if any sword or bullet have power to hurt you, nere trust your granam agen.

Paz. Nay nay, I doe beleeve it, and will bee valiant accordingly, they pinch'd and kick'd me devillishly for all that.

Pag. Y are the better prooffe fort, you cannot be pinch'd or kick'd too much in such a cause, what to be made sicke and shor-free? now doe I foresee youle be Captaine within these three dayes, you cannot avoyde it sir, who will not honour that man whom the bullets are afraid of? The Princeesse.

Enter Rosinda, Cassandra, Fabricio.

Fab. Repent your grace thought me a gentleman,
If I faile in this duty.

Ros. Not a syllable.

Of me. *Fab.* I am charm'd. *Cas.* Happy successe attend you.

Fab. Your highnesse has much honourd me, and Lady
I kisse your faire hand. *Paz.* Captaine, Captaine, a word.

Fab. I am in haste now.

Exit.

Paz. Sure the Captain's afraid of me, he knowes by instinct
What I am.

Pag. Your grace mist excellent mirth.

Ros. Tis done then, bid him follow us.

Exit.

Pag. The Princeesse desires to speak with you

Paz. Desires to speake with me! — you have not told her?

Pag. Dee thinke I would betray you.

Paz. Would somebody would challenge mee to fight
before her, if the Ladies knew I were sicke free they would
teare

The Young Admirall.

teare me in peeces for my company.

Pag. You do not know, what you may get by your body that way, I attend you.

Paz Knives, daggers, swords, pikes, gunnes both great & small
Now *Pazzarello* doth defie you all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alphonso, Alberto.

Alp. You tell me wonders, my sonne Generall
Of all the enemies Forces, can *Vittori*
Lay such a staine upon our family,
Speake it my Lord no more, no private injury
Can so corrupt his nature; come, I know
He dares not fight their cause!

Alb. I thinke so too;
The Prince hath coold his resolution
By this time. *Alp.* Ha? you are misticall.

Alb. He has sent
Him word, the first attempt he makes against
The towne your head must answere it, and I cannot
Beleeve how ere particular wrongs inflame him
To a revenge, but he retaines that piety
Which nature printed in him toward a Father.

Alp. Is obligation to a parent more
Then that we owe our Country, oh *Vittori*,
My life were profitably spent to save
Thy honour, which is great in the worlds eye,
Time shall be grieved to have preserv'd thy name
So long, and when this blot shall be observ'd
Vpon the last leafe of thy Chronicle,
It shall unsettle quite the readers faith
To all the former story. *Enter Iulio.*

Alb. Iulio.

Alp. My Lord?

Iulio. It was the Kings command I should deliver.

Alp. What? *Iul.* What must displease you,
You must prepare for death.

Alp. Has my sonne put
Rebellion into act already? that
Will save my executioner a labour;
He has, I read it, looke into the tombes

The Young Admirall.

Of all our ancestours, and see their ashes
Looke paler then before, the Marble sweates,
The Eboine pillars that so many yeares
Sustain'd our titles shake, and sinke beneath em,
The *Genius* of our house grones at this treason,
I will not live for any man to tell me
I am *Vittories* Father.

Enter Prince.

Alb. Here the Prince !

Alp. Forgive me sir my passions, I have guilt
Enough without em to deserve your anger,
He was my sonne, and that must needes condemne me ;
But I will loose him from my blood, and cut
His name from that faire list, that numbers up
Our family, but I forget my selfe,
I have no minutes at command, my life
Is at the last sand, and I cannot stay,
Be just, and purge *Vittories* sinne with his
Old Fathers blood, I do obey your doome.

Pr. What doome ? you talke as you were destin'd
To some blacke execution, I have
Beene too unkinde already, and must aske
Your gentle pardon fort, by goodnesse selfe
I mocke not, I bring life *Alphonso* to thee,
And but prepar'd by *Iulio*, thy heart
With sorrow, to meete honour with more tast.

Alp. Good my Lord distract me not, let me dy
In my right wits.

Iul. *Alphonso* you may trust
The Prince, my message was but counterfeit.

Pr. Th'art a brave man, and can'st not be provok'd
I see to wound thy honest fame, so just
To vertue, that thou darst preferre her cause
To thy owne life, and rather violate
The lawes of nature to thy sonne, then leave
The priviledge of honour undefenc'd,
Thus we embrace thee, do not kneele *Alphonso*
Vnlesse You'le bring us lower, thus as a friend
We circle thee, and next as a Souldier

Exit Iulio.

Able

The Young Admirall.

Able in spite of age, and active still
We give these armes, this sword, the best in all,
My Fathers armory, and us'd to conquest,
Take from thy Prince, and fight, fight for thy Country,
And purchase new wreathes to thy honoured browes,
Before the old be wither'd, I do see thee
Already mounted as a challenger,
The proud steed taking fire and mettall from
the rider, all bedewd with his white foame,
Flying to meete thy sonne, whose (once faire) plumē
Is staind with blood of his owne countrimen.

Alp. I reach your sense in part my Lord, but cannot
Gather your words into a summe, beside
The honour is so great I dare not with
The safety of my understanding, thinke
One so unworthy as *Alphonso*.

Pr. What?

Dares fight against a Traitor, for his Country?

Alp. Gainst all the world I dare.

Pr. Be valiant;

And breath defiance against one.

Alp. A glory I

My soule's ambitious of.

Pri. *Vittori* Is

That traitor whose offence, whom dost become

More nobly to chastise then his owne Father,

Which title if you should forget to encourage you,

Thinke whose defence you undertake, for Whom

You punish, and what consequence of fame

Waites on this pious action.

Enter Julio.

Iul. My Lord

A Captaine of the other side hath boldly offer'd

Himselfe a prisoner, and desires access

To your highnesse, to whom only he must impart

Something he sayes, that will be acceptable,

We have search'd him, and find nothing but a letter

Directed to your selfe.

Pr. To me? admit him,

Meane time you may consider,

Is it with us, Captaine.

Enter Fabricchio.

Fab. Please you peruse this paper.

Pr. Ha? from *Cassandra*?

Alp. Oh *Alberto* I

Could

The Young Admirall.

Could wish *Vittori* dead, but twonot satisfie
Vnlesse we murder one another too,
And I must challenge him, he is my sonne
Although he be a Rebell. *Pr. Iulio,*

Thy bosome is my owne? Captaine a word.

Iu. I am astonishd, ha? I like not this——my Lord.

Alb. The Prince is troubled, something like
Excesse of joy transports him.

Pr. Th'art a foole.

(invitation.)

Iu. This may be a plot, how dare you trust your selfe upon this

Pr. Not on this, be coward then for ever.

Iu. Are you sure, this is her character.

Pr. Perfectly, beside she has confirm'd me by this Ring,
Vittori gave it her, I know't and wooed her
Once to exchange.

Iu. Yet thinke upon the danger.

Pr. I would run through flames to meet her, use no argumēts,
I can be at the worst a prisoner,
And shall be ransom'd, keepe you counsell sir,
Captaine—the word? —— Enough,
Kisse her white hand, and say,
I come this night, waite on him to the gates,
Let his returne be safe, *Alphonso* how
Stands your resolve? dare you be *Naples* Champion
Against the enemy propold?

Alp. My sonne——

Will both the Kings trust to our swords their cause?

Pr. I cannot promise that?

Alp. What profit brings
My valour then if I orecome.

Pr. Addition

To your owne fame, to have cut off a Rebell.

Alp. So I must kill my sonne, or he must be
A Parricide.

Pr. Nay if you be so scrupulous,
I look'd you have thank'd me, and have runne too't.

Alp. Except *Vittori* sir, and I dare challenge
The proudest in their Army.

The Young Admirall.

Pri. You are afraid
Of him belike, tis such a kill-cowe gentleman,
But I court you to nothing, you may thinke on't.
Yare, now no more a prisoner *Intio.* *Exit.*

Alp. I am worse?
I had some roome before, now I'me confin'd
To such a strait, my heart must of necessity
Contract it selfe, my owne thoughts stiffe mee,
Vittori is lost already, I must goe
Another way to find out my owne ruine. *Exit.*

Horatio, Cassandra.

Hor. Lady you thinke not what I am, how neere
The bosome of a King. *Cas.* You cannot be
So neere as I am to *Vittori* sir,
And you increase my wonder, that you can
Nourish the least hope, that I should forget
My owne tie, by remenbring what relation
You have to any other, if the King
Did know this, he would chide you.

Hor. Come I see
You must be courted otherwise, with action.
Cas. How sir? *Hor.* And if you will not be so civile.
To change one kindnesse for another, I
Have skill to prompt you thus.

Cas. You are not noble.

Hor. Tush this is nothing, I have beene too rame,
And howsoere you wittily compose
Your countenance, you cannot choose but laugh at me,
That I have beene so modest all this while;
Come, I have another inside, and do know
You are a woman, and should know your selfe
And to what end we love you, what are you
The worse by private favours to a gentleman,
That have at home beene sued too, with petitions
And great ones of both sexes, to accept
Wives, Daughters, any thing, and thinke themselves
Honoured to take the first fruites, I could have
The virgins of whole families entaild

H

Vpon

The Young Admirall.

Vpon me, and be brought as duly to
My bed, as they growe ripe, and fit for coupling,
As men whose lands are morgag'd would observe
Their covenants and the day.

Cas. Ile heare no more.

Hor. So peremptory Lady? take your course,
The time may come you will repent this forciveness.

Exit.

Enter Fabrichio.

Whither in haste *Fabrichio*?

Fa. My good Lord

I have brought newes, where the Princeesse sir?

Hor. Thou art almost out of breath, what newes I prethee?

Fa. Newes, that will please my Lord.

Hor. You aske for the Princeesse, will they please my Lady.

Fab. Yes, and the tother Lady too, *Cassandra*.

Hor. Will it spread joy no farther?

Fab. Yes it will please you,

And please the King, and the whole army.

Hor. Strange, you may impart it then.

Fab. My duety sir, did aime it first to you, I was engag'd
To deliver a letter in *Cassandra's* name

To the Prince of *Naples*, to invite his person

Privately this night.

Hor. Whither?

Fab. To the Princeesses tent.

Hor. And hast thou don't?

Fab. Don't, and bring backe his word to visite 'em.

Hor. Art sure the Prince?

Fab. As sure as I am your creature,

This will bee welcome to the Ladies, what use

You are to make of this, becomes not my

Instruction, if it be of any consequence,

To make his person sure, when he arrives.

Hor. This service will be gratefull, Ile acquaint

The King, returne the Ladies to expect him.

Fa. I have directed him how he shall passe.

Hor. And make it good, away, this makes thee happy,

The King shall know it instantly, thei'r here,

Ile give you scope.

Exit.

Enter Rosinda, Cassandra, Flavia, and Page.

Ref.

The Young Admirall.

Rof. He is return'd. *Cas.* What answer?

Fa. To your desires.

Fla. Where's *Pazzorello* now?

Pag. He's quarrelling with some body, he is so confident
And domineers, ha? tis he,
He Bleeds too.

Enter Pazzorello bloody.

Paz. A pox a your enchantments, I had like to have my
braines beaten out, what will become of mee?

Pag. Why this is nothing sir.

Paz. Nothing sir, would thou hadst it.

Pag. Let me aske you a question, what weapon did it?

Paz. I gave but the lye to an old souldier, as we were drinking together, and he presently claps me ore the pate with the rest of his musket.

Pag. That may be, but no sword or gunne shall endanger you, as for truncheon, batone, and such wooden batteries, you must fortifie your selfe as well as you can against em, beside sir, there is no breach of conditions in losing a little blood, you may have you head broken in twenty places, nay you may bee beaten, and bruis'd in every part of your body, but all this while you are slicke and shot free, your life is your owne, and then what need you care sir?

Paz. This is some satisfaction.

Pag. Should you challenge him at rapier, you should quickly finde who will have the worst on't.

Rof. This service shall be otherwise rewarded,
Ile trust your secrecie, he will be a fit man to engage, beside tis His desire.

Fa. You may command me.

Rof. Waite upon
This gentleman *Pazzorello*, he
Will use you nobly for my sake.

Paz. Must I
Be a *perdue* now? Madam I humbly thankē you.

Exit Fab. and Pazzorello.

Cas. The night comes fast upon us.

Rof. It cannot come
Too swiftly, that brings so much happinesse.

The Taming of the Shrew

But tis an argument of much love to thee,
That can at such a time invite him hither.

Cas. I hope you feed no jealonie of me;
I did all for your service, and shall then
Thinke I am happy, when he knowes your love
And values it.

Ro. I have no feares of thee?

Ca. Have none at all.

Ro. Flavia?

Fla. Madam.

Ro. You must keepe watch to night.

Fla. My duty Madam.

Res. Come let us tell some stories, to passe over
The tedious houres.

Cas. I waite your pleasure.

Fla. Come *Didino*, we shall have your tale too?

Pag. Mines short and sweet, still at a Ladies service. *Exit.*

Enter Sergeant, Pazzorello.

Ser. Follow me close, I hope you have made your Will.

Paz. My Will? why Sergeant I am not sicke.

Ser. For all that you may be a dead man ere morning, whize.

Paz. What's that?

Ser. These bullets will keepe you waking, here lie downe
close, within two houres you shall be relieved.

Paz. Dost heare Sergeant, whize-do the enemies shoot any
Sugar plummes?

Ser. Be not too loade in your mirth, I see another give fire,
farewell Signior Perdue.

Paz. So, now I am a Perdue, this will bee newes when I
come home agen, the poore fellowes will fall downe and wor-
shippe mee, I alwaies wonder'd, why wee had so many brave
Souldiers, and quarrelling spirits, if they be shot free, I cannot
blame em to rore so much in Tavernes—whize—agen, I
woud faine have one of these bullets hit me, that I might know
certainely the toughnesse of my new constitution, and yet I
shall hardly bee sensible of it, ah my conscience if I were
cramm'd into a Canon, and shot into the towne, like a Cat I
should light upon my legges, and runne home agen.

Enter!

The Young Admirall.

Enter Prince.

Pri. Love be propitious still; and guide my steps,
Thou hast engag'd me thus farre.

Paz. Conghes.

Paz. Vh, uh.

Pr. Whose that?

Paz. There's somebody, now I begin for all this to be afraid,
flesh will be flesh, and tremble in spight of the devill, what
were I best to doe?

Pr. Tis some *perdue*.

Paz. Though I be sticke and shotfree, I may be beaten, and
bruis'd as I remember, more, I may be taken prisoner by the
enemy, and be hang'd afterward, and then what am I the bet-
ter for my enchantment, what a dull rogue was I not to except
the gallowes in my conditions, but it may be there is but one,
qui vala — the word.

Pr. Rosinda.

Paz. Oh are you there, tis my Lady the Princesses name.

Pr. Thy Lady, prethee shew me the way to her tent.

Paz. I had almost forgot, such a gentleman is expected.

Pr. Heres gold prethee make haste.

Paz. Now by your favour you shall first goe to my Captaine

Pr. His Name.

Paz. Fabrichio.

Pr. The same, withall my heart, heres more gold.

Paz. I will make the more haste.

Exeunt.

Enter King of Sicily, Horatio, and a Guard.

King. Thy newes does take me infinitely, if he
keepe touch we may propound what Articles
We please.

Hor. Fabrichio is confident heele come.

Ki. He will deserve our favour, keepe at distance,
Sent for in *Cassandras* name? belike
He loves that Lady, let him, tis a strange
Adventure, sure my daughter is of counsell
With her, she had some bend that way, till he
Became ingratefull to us.

Hor. When you have
Him in possession, you may throw off
Vittori, one whose honesty I feare,

The Young Admirall.

Vnder your princely favour, you have built
Too much, but heaven has sent the young Prince hither
To disengage your trust, he that dares prove
A rebell to his Country, dares be guilty
Of any other treason.

King What shall we
Doe with *Cassandra*?

Hor. Keepe her still to waite
Vpon the Princeesse, and expect the first
Opportunity for your kingdome, *Naples* will
Attend your leisure then, and court your mercie.

Enter Prince, Cassandra, Rosinda, Flavia.
Pazzarello aloofe.

Ki. Be silent.

Hor. Lose no time.

Pr. For this embrace, I dare agen neglect my life—villaines

Ro. We are betrayd, my father.

Cas. Oh misfortune.

Paz. What will become of me?

Ki. Y^e are welcome prince of *Naples*.

Pr. Am I betrayd? false woman.

Paz. And please your majesty I am innocent, I brought him
hither I confesse.

Ki. Reward him.

Hor. Come hither sirra.

Paz. Howe's this? are you in earnest? my Lord a word—but
is this the Prince of *Naples*?

Hor. The very same sir.

Paz. Take your gold agen, I will have more for taking a
Prince, I crave the law of armes, I will have his ransome.

Ki. Away with the foole.

Paz. Give me my prisoner agen then.

Exit.

Ros. Sir heare me.

Ki. Another time *Rosinda*—by thy duty——*Exit Ros. &*

Cas. Heare me great sir.

(Flavia.)

Ki. Weele heare and thanke thee at more leisure too, attend

Cas. Oh my Lord, be you
But master of so much charity.

Pr.

The Young Admirall.

Pr. Away,
Never was such a blacke and fatall houre,
As that when I first saw thy cozening face. *Enter Vittori.*

Vi. The Prince? I dare not trust my senses, ha?
How came he hither? wonder circles me,
Cassandra busie with him too? she courts him,
The *Basiliske* is not more killing than
This object.

Pr. Strumpet hence.

Vi. Ha?

Cas. My Lord *Vittori*?

Vi. What name was that the Prince bestow'd upon you,
Yet doe not answere me, away, new tortures. *Exit. Cas.*

Pr. *Vittori*, ha, ha, ha!

Vi. Your grace is mighty merry, I could wish
You had more cause.

Pr. *Vittori* I see trouble in thy face,
Perhapstis wonder, upon what invitation
I am a guest here.

Vi. Are you not a prisoner?

Pr. You are no stranger to the plot, it seemes,
Base villaine to betray thy Prince.

Vi. My Lord

You are too rash in censure, I betray you?
I am so farre from the conspiracy
That yet I cannot reach it in my thought,
Much lesse with guilty knowledge, I dare tell you
The Devill shannot tempt me too't, nor more
Wrongs then your hate can throw upon me.

Pr. Iuggling!

Can he that dares take armes against his Countrey,
Make conscience to betray a part of it,
His Prince, degenerate rebell!

Vi. Heaven and this King
Know upon what severe necessity
I am engag'd to warre.

Ki. As things fall out

Your valour may be uselesse, we acknowledge

This

The Young Admirall.

This happinesse, from *Cassandra*, though she meant
Other successe.

Vi. Cassandra?

Pr. Yes that peece

Of frailty, rather impudence, by the witchcraft
Of her letter tempted me thus farre, a curse
Vpon her lust.

Vi. Indeed you cald her strumpet,

She may deserve it by this story, tis

Her character, my eyes, take in new horror. *(he reads)*

My Lord, if it be not too late, to be sensible of your princely affection to me, I implore your mercie, and will deserve it by my repentance. I am by misfortune a captive to your enemy, but blest with the freedome to remember you, I have a designe for my enlargement, and if I durst cherish an ambition of your presence this night, dare confidently pronounce our mutuall happinesse, this ring be witnessse of my true invitation, and doubt not her faith to your safety, who will sooner forfeit her owne life, than betray you to the least dishonour. This gentleman shall instruct you with more particulars, pardon great prince this infinite boldnesse of your servant, and if all the seedes of love be not destroyd, visite and preserve your other-wise miserable *Cassandra*.

And all this while I live, and have my senses,

O woman woman ! sir if you remember

Twas your conclusion, if I refus'd

To be your Generall against my Country,

Cassandras head should off, be constant King,

I wonot.

Ki. What ?

Vi. Not fight, nor for your Kingdome,

She cannot bleed too much, as for you sir.

Pr. What of me?

Vi. Y'are still my Prince, thanke heaven for that,

Did you else graspe an Empire, and your person

Guarded with thunder, I would reach and kill you,

By my just rage I would, stay I will fight.

Hor. With whom ?

Vi. With you or all the world, that dare maintaine

There

The Young Admirall.

There is a woman vertuous. *Hor. Neglect him.*

Pr. How he breakes out at forehead, this is some
Revenge yet.

Ki. Come my Lord, you must with us,
Here your command determines, we shall have
No further use of your great valour sir.

Vi. You may with as much ease, discharge me of
A life too, your breath does it, for I dare
Not kill my selfe, in that I am a Coward.
Oh my hearts grieve, preserve my right wits heavē;
The wickednesse of other women could
But shame themselves, which like wild branches, being
Cut off, the tree is beautifull agen,
But this spreads an infection, and all
The sexe is wounded in *Cassandr'* as fall:

Exit.

The fift Act.

Enter Rosinda, Flavia, Page.

Ros. Away, your mirth displeases.

Fla. Madam I hope
I have not offended.

Ros. Let the boy begon.

Pag. Good Madam laugh a little, tis my duty
To drive away your sadnesse, tis all the
Use, Ladies have for Pages, now and then
To purge their melancholy.

Ros. Doe not tempt my anger.

Pag. Then ile goe seeke out *Pazzorello*
Hee's better company, and will make me laugh,
If his fit of immortality hold, my duty Madam.

Exit.

Ros. Oh *Flavia* I am undone.

Fla. Not so deere Madam.

Ros. Though I be innocent, I want the courage
To tell the Prince *Cesario*, I love,
Were I allow'd access, he must imagine
Me guilty of his dishonour, nor can I

I

Be

The Young Admirall.

Be happy while he thinkes himselfe so miserable,
Art thou so wise to counsell me? *Vittori.*

Enter Vittori.

Vi. Madam I have an humble suite to you.

Ro. To me *Vittori*, for *Cassandra's* sake
I must deny you nothing.

Vi. For her sake I begge it.

Ro. Pray be plaine.

Vi. That you would speake toth' King.

Ro. For what?

Vi. To cut my head off.

Ro. How?

Vi. With sword or axe, or by what other engine
He please, I know youle easily obtaine it,
Tis for *Cassandra's* sake, I would be faine
Despatch'd, sheele thanke you too, and then the prince
And she may revell.

Ro. I doe finde his jealousie,
Alas poore gentleman! but I hope
You doe not meane so desperately.

Vi. As you
Love vertue doe this favour — if you make
Scruple, there is a King a little further
Will take my life away at the first word,
For I am resolv'd to die.

Ro. Shall I obtaine
A small request from you.

Vi. These are delayes.

Ro. If you be weary of your life, you'le meet it,
For there is danger in't.

Vi. And thanke you too,
Ile doo't by your faire selfe, now, now, you blesse me?
Without exception, Ile obey yon Madam.

Ro. Tis this.

whispers.

Vi. Doe you not mocke me.

Ro. No suspition.

Vi. Instantly.

Ro. This minute weele begin it, and Ile promise

Some

The Young Admirall.

Something beside that you will thanke me for,
But things are not yet ripe, will you doe me
This honour.

Vi. Come I waite you, but tis strange
Why you should thus engage your selfe?

Ros. When you know,
You will allow my reasons.

Vi. I attend you, now farewell false *Cassandra*.

Exeunt

Enter Iulio, and Maurilio.

Ma. The Prince not to be found.

Iul. I did suspect

That letter might betray him, now *Alberto*,

How is the King?

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Imagine how a father

Can apprehend the absence of a sonne

He lov'd so deerely, but hee's justly punish'd

For his indulgence, though we dare not say so.

Ma. Tis very strange.

Iu. He was merry the last night.

Al. What letter wast *Iulio*, the Captaine brought?

I could distinguish it did strangely move him.

Iu. Letter?

Alb. Can you forget it.

Iul. Pox upon the witch

That sent, now shall I be examin'd, and

If he returne not, lose my head, that letter

Was a discovery of some plot, the enemy

Purpos'd that very night.

Ma. Perhaps this mischiefe,

Why was it not prevented?

Iu. I shall make fine worke,

I know not how to shadow it, would he had

Laine with my sister, rather than engag'd

Himselfe so farre for Venison.

Alb. Peace, the King.

Enter King and Alphonso.

Ma. And old *Alphonso*! I am glad to see
His change of fortune.

Alb. The King ever lov'd him.

The Young Admirall.

Alp. Sir have comfort,
Your sorrow will discourage all.

King. Dost thinke
He is not taken by the enemye,
And put to death?

Alp. They dare not, tis against
The rules of warre.

Ki. What dare not men that hate us,
And yet conceale the murder? *Enter Fabio.*

Fab. Where's the king.

Ki. Here, what portends thy haste, and busie countenance?

Fab. Oh great sir.

Ki. Has thy intelligence brought us knowledge of
Our sonne?

Fa. The newes I bring my gracious Lord
Concernes the Prince, and how my heart flowes over,
That I am pointed out by heauen the first
And happy messenger.

Ki. Proceede, and weele reward thee.

Fab. All my ambition aimes but at your favour,
My soule was never mercenary, tis
My duty to weare out my life in services
For you, and the whole state, whereof although
I am no able member, yet ———

Alp. Hee's mad.

Fab. It is with joy then, my good Lord *Alphonso*,
And by the way I must congratulate
Your present favour with the king, I knew
The noble faculties of your soule, at last
Would finde their merit.

Ki. Villaine I what dost racke
My expectation? speake, what of my sonne?
Answer me without circumstance, where is
The Prince? be brieve or ———

Fab. I know not my good Lord.

Ki. Traytor, didst not prepare me to expect
Newes of my sonne, pronouncing thy selfe happy
In being the messenger? is he in health?

Answer

The Young Admirall.

Answer to that.

Fa. I know not my good Lord.

Ki. Cut off his head, I shall become the scorn
Of my owne subject.

Fa. Mercy Royall sir,
And ile discharge my knowledge.

Ki. Tell me then,
And ile have patience for the rest, but be not
Tedious, is my sonne alive or dead?

Fab. Alas I know not my good Lord.

Ki. Confusion!

Fab. But with your Royall licence, I am able
To produce those can satisfie you in every
Particular.

Ki. Where? whom? and quickly save thy life.

Fab. They waite sir.

Ma. This fellow was made for court dispatch
An Elephant will sooner be delivered
Than his head when tis stuf with any businesse.

Enter Fabio, Vittori disguised, Rosinda.

Ki. A Lady.

Alp. And a faire one, what's the mystery.

Iul. Shee's not of Naples sure.

Alb. Fabio what is she?

Ros. Sir, you may justly wonder that a woman,
A stranger, and an enemie, although
My sexe present you with no feares, should thus
Adventure to your presence, had I doubted
My selfe first, since suspition of anothers
Defect, doth rise from our owne want of goodnesse;
I had not us'd this boldnesse, but safe here
And arm'd with innocence, I gave up my freedome,
And dare not feede one jealousie, my honour
Can suffer with a king.

Ki. An excellent presence.

Alp. Her bearing is above the common spirit.

Ki. Faire Lady, make me more acquainted with
Your purpose, nothing can proceede from you,

The Young Admirall.

That will not charme us to attention.

Ros. Your sonne great sir.

Ki. Where? speake, you do not looke
As you delighted to report a Tragedy,
Lives my *Cesario*?

Ros. He does live my Lord.

Ki. Support me good *Alphonso*, I shall faint
Vnder my joy.

Ros. But lives a prisoner
To his enemie, the King of *Cicily*,
Who wish'd no greater triumph, then to boast
His person Captive, how he meanes to deale with him,
May admit some feare, Kings that prescribe to others
In peace, have great prerogatives, but in warre
Allow no Lawes, above what anger dictates
To their revenge, which blood doth often satisfie.

Alp. He dares not be so cruell.

Ros. I conclude not,
But yet tis worth some feare, when he that was
The roote of all this warre, stands at their mercy
That could not wish his safety, and their owne
Together, I have told you sir the worst.

Ki. Alas, thou hast undone me.

Alp. Sir, my Lord?
Lady you were too-blame---my Lord.

Ros. Your sonne
Shall live, and blesse your age, to see him live,
If you will be so kinde to allow your selfe
But eyes to witnesse it.

Kin. Flatter not my soule,
That is already weary of her burden,
And would begon to rest.

Ros. Gather your spirits.

Ki. What hopes?

Ros. Assurance sir, if you but please
To entertaine it, I came hither on
No empty motive, but to offer you
A pledge for young *Cesario*.

The Young Admirall.

Kin. Where? what pledge?

Ros. A pledge of as full value to the owner,
As your sonnes life to you.

Alp. Such security were welcome.

Ki. Make me blest. (lance even,

Ros. Receive me then your prisoner, and you make your bal-
Lose not your thought in wonder, when you know
The price of what I have presented you,
Your reason shanot thinke him undervalued,
I am *Rosinda*, Daughter to that King,
Whose Souldiers threaten *Naples*, equally
As pretious to my Father, and a Kingdome
And to your power, thus I expose my selfe,
If young *Cesario* meet unkinde conditions,
'Ith same proportion let *Rosinda* suffer,
Erect a Scaffold quickly ore the walles,
And fright their jealous eyes, when they behold
Who is prepar'd for death, to equall their
Revenge upon *Cesario*, whom thei'le threaten
To make you stoope, but lose no part of honour,
As you are a King, their trembling hangman
Shall thinke himselfe mock'd, and let fall his sword,
Or both our heads take their farewell together.

Ki. *Alphonso* ist a woman?

Alp. And a brave one!

Ma. I admire her noblenesse.

Ros. You are slow to aske
The cause that hath engag'd me to all this,
And yet you cannot chuse but reade it plainly,
In my guilty blushes, I do love the Prince
Perhaps tis more then he imagines, and
Since I first saw him in my Fathers court,
Without dishonour, I dare justifie
My heart was his, and to this love you owe
The sorrow of his absence, for *Cssaandra*
That noble Lady, to whose breast I gave
My secret't thought, for my sake by a letter
In her owne name, by tie of former love

The Young Admirall.

To her, ingag'd his meeting at my tent,
Whither no sooner privately arriv'd,
But by a vilaine that deceive our trust,
My Father was brought in, and he made prisoner,
You have the story, and my resolution
To be companion of his fate.

Vi. Agen.

Those words deere Lady, that concern'd *Cassandra*.

Ki. Alp. Vittori!

Vi. All your pardon I must heare this first.

Ros. *Cassandra* is innocent, and but fram'd that letter
To bring us two acquainted, the earth has not
A purer chastity. (for't,

Vi. You have kept your word, & heaven reward your soule
My duty sir to you, and to my Father.

Ros. He hath deserv'd his welcome for my sake.

Ki. We thus confirme it.

Alp. My poore sonne *Vittori!*

Ki. But teares of joy salute thee, best of Ladies!
Alphonso she is faire, well shap'd, my sonne
Gave her deform'd, with what eyes could he looke
Vpon this beauty, and not love it.

Vi. This beauty is her least perfection,
It speakes her woman, but her soule an Angell,
But I forget *Cassandra* all this while.

Ki. Welcome agen faire Princess, my *Gesario*
Is here supplied ——— *Alphonso.*

Fab. This may bring the peace about.

Ma. May it so? what thinke you of halfe your Land?
Do not your acres melt apace?

Ki. Away---

Never did Lady such an act of Noblenesse,
And what we cannot reach in honouring thee,
Ages to come shall pay thy memory.

Exeunt.

Enter King of Sicily, and Cassandra.

Ki. S. May I beleeve *Rosinda* loves the Prince,
And yet so cunningly disguise it from me?

Cas. It was my plot I must confesse, but her

Affect

The Young Admirall.

Affection bid me too't, I did expect
Another consequence.

Ki. Ile to my Daughter.

Cas. The Prince now in your power, I hope great fir
You'll looke more gently on *Vittors*.

Ki. We shall thinke on him. The Prince, excuse my absence.

Enter Prince.

Pr. Can those deceiving eyes looke full upon me?
Is not thy soule asham'd, have I for thee
Neglected my owne Fortune and my Father,
All the delights that waite upon a Kingdome,
For thy sake drawne this warre upon my Country,
And done such things, I did forget I was
A Prince i'th acting, and is all my love
Rewarded thus, no devill to betray me
But she to whom I durst have given my soule,
Degenerate woman.

Cas. Sir throw of your passion,
And when you have heard me speake but a few minutes,
You'll change opinion, and if you do not
Accuse your selfe, you will at least acquit
Me from the guilt of your dishonour.

Pr. Did not
The magicke of your letter bring me hither?

Cas. I must not sir deny, I usd what motive
I could to gaine your presence, but no magicke.

Pr. Twas worse, and shewes more blacke for thy intention,
Hast thou a Conscience? and canst deny
Thou didst not meane this treachery.

Cas. May heaven
Then shoot his anger at me, I sent for you,
But as I have a life not to betray you.

Pr. What could induce thee then?

Cas. Love, love my Lord.

Pr. Ha? pardon my rashnesse and my error,
Do I heare thee pronounce, twas love sent for me,
What streames of joy runne through me, I am free,
Have suffred nothing, nothing worthy of

The Young Admirall.

So rich a satisfaction, I forget
Naples with as much ease as I can kisse thee,
Have you no more vexation? Oh my starres
Your influence is too mercifull.

Cas. Mistake not,
Twas love I must confesse, but not that love
Your wild imagination prompts you too,
And yet it was my love to wish you happie.

Pr. You are in Paradoxes Lady, twas love, & it was not.

Cas. Love with another Lady
In birth; and all thats good above *Cassandra*,
Had toward your person, did command my service
In that rude letter, my ambition
Reach'd at no greater honour, then to bring
Her passions to your knowledge, thinke my Lord
Ypon *Rosinda*.

Pr. Ha?

Cas. And prison all
Your wanton thoughts, *Rosinda* was by heaven
Design'd for you, as I was for *Vittori*.

Enter King of Sicily.

Kin. Tis treason to be ignorant, search every where,
Ile hang yee all, unlesse you find my Daughter,
Prince wheres *Rosinda*? I will have her, or
Your head shall off.

Pr. My head?

Ki. I cannot take
Too great revenge, no punishment can fall
Severe enough upon his head was guilty
Of all these tumults.

Cas. Is the Princeesse lost?

Ki. Not without some conspiracy, ya're all
Traytors, if I recover not my Child,
I will sacrifice the lives of my whole army.

Pr. How ill this violence sits upon a King—*Alphonso*,

Enter Alphonso, Horatio, Trivulsi, Fabricchio, Pazzorela, Page.

Kin. What are you fir?

Hor. One from the King of Naples.

Kin.

The Young Admirall.

Ki. Ile heare nothing unles *Rosinda* be concernd ith message.

Alp. She is.

Ki. Ha, where?

Alp. Safe in the City sir.

Ki. A prisoner.

Alp. Guarded with love and honour, which he hopes
Is not here wanting to *Cesario*.

Ki. How came she thither?

Alp. With *Vittori* sir.

Cas. Ha *Vittori*?

Ki. That double renegade, where is *Cassandra*?

Off with her head, and his.---

Alp. My humblest duty.--

Take councell to your action----*Rosinda*
is in the same condition, my Lord
Vouchsafe mee hearing.

Hor. Sir, if I were worthy
To advise you, let your passions coole, you but
Provoke their furie to your Daughter, by
threatning the prince.

Tri. Y'are now on even termes,
What if you met and parlied?

Pr. Every praise
Thou giv'st her makes me see my owne deformity,
Madam you first awakd me.

Fab. Please you sir,
The King would have some further conference.

Cas. Direct their counsell heaven.

Pr. Thy pardon deere *Cassandra*,
When I have leave, Ile aske *Vittori*'s too,
And all the worlds.

Ki. For further pledge on both sides,
Horatio weele exchange to invite *Naples*
To give us meeting.

Alp. Tis desired already.

Ki. We follow, come my Lord old men have passions!

Pr. They were not men else.

Alp. My sonnes life *Cassandra*.

The Young Admirall.

Paz. But this is strange newes *Didimo*, is my Lady and mistresse a Prisoner? I tooke the Prince.

Pag. Twas valiantly done.

Paz. Why may not I with my armour of magicke bustle among the enemies, and get honour now?

Pag. It were your onely time, get but a brave horse——

Paz. That would carry double, and I might bring home the Princessse behind me to the Campe; Say no more; stay, thou art sure I am sufficiently enchanted.

Pag. No infidelity, as sure as you had no money in your pockets.

Paz. Well remembred, if it be so sure my little *Didimo* you shall now give me account of all that gold and silver.

Pag. Such another word, and my Aunt shall take off her curse agen.

Paz. There's it, this urchin has me oth hip, beside in my conscience, my granam has given thee a spell too, so that wee might fight our hearts out, afore we kill one another.

Pag. You my be sure of that.

Paz. Prethee let me try, for my owne satisfaction, whether my sword will runne thee through or no.

Pag. It has beene attempted a hundred times, you may as soone pricke me with the pummell; but if thou hast any doubt thy owne body is not Steele prooffe, my rapier shall demonstrate.

Paz. Wo't? now that honest.

Pag. Tis to no purpose.

Paz. For my satisfaction, if thou lov'st me.

Pag. Come on your wayes.

he drawes.

Paz. Stay, tis pointed——I have a great mind, but if——but if——I should——I am enchanted; doot, stay, I wonot see't: now——

Pag. Never feare.

He sheathes and with the scabberd thrusts him behind, and drawes it agen presently.

Paz. Oh!

He has runne me through body and soule,
hum! I see no point, nor blood, nor paine, ha?
Tis so, god a mercy *Didimo*, I am right, I see't.

The Young Admirall.

I will dispatch these warres presently:

Pa. Your charme will last no longer.

Paz. Tell not me, I will then go seeke adventures,
Wee'le wander to releeeve distressed damzels,
Through woods with monsters, and with Giants haunted,
And kill the Devill like a knight enchanted. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King of Scicily, Prince, Alphonso, Trivulsi, Fabrichio,
Cassandra; at one doore.*

*King of Naples, Rosinda, Horatio, Vittori, Iulio, Alberto
at the other.*

*Lond. Man
sicke.*

*Alphonso, goes to the King of Naples, and Horatio returns
to the King of Sicily; they whisper.*

K. of Sci. Lets heare our daughter speake.

Ros. First with an humblenesse

Thus low, I beg your pardon, and beseech
You would interpret no defect of dutie,
That I forsooke my tent, and your protection
There is another, stronger tie than natures
Love, whose impulsion you have felt, or I
Had never beene your daughter, mov'd my flight
Love of that excellent prince, whom in your power
I had no way to gaine but by this losse.
And if you had beene cruell to *Cesario*,
I should have gloried under these to suffer.

Pr. No more, there's vertue in that excellent Princesse
To stocke two Kingdomes, pardon faire *Rosinda*,
Thou hast made me fit to know thee, taught by thy
Obedience, I returne a sonne to Naples
Thus, but desire no life without possession
Of that religious treasure, as y'are kings——

Both Kings. A chaine of hands and hearts.

Vit. Oh my *Cassandra*.

Nap. Ioy in all bosomes.

Sicil. Thus our kingdomes knit.

Pr. Horatio we are friends too.

Hor. Owne me your servant sir, I begge your pardon.

The Young Admirall.

Pr. I cannot aske forgiveness oft enough
For injuries to thee noble *Vittori*,
Alphonso and *Cassandra*.

Vit. Alp. Cas. All your creatures. *Enter Mauritio, Fabio*

Ma. Iustice my Lord.

Fab. Mercy my Lord.

Nap. Whats this ?

Ma. A deed of halfe his land, if he surviv'd
These warres, which are now happily determin'd,
My life was his security, which will
Be merrier with the moiety of his Acres.

Na. How if he had dyed?

Ma. His Land had gone to the next heire, thats all
His ghost would hardly call upon my forfeit;
If I had dyed, his land had beene discharg'd,
But we both living must part stakes, he has
Enough for two on s.

Fab. (heated by a soldade.

Pr. He must confirme his act.

Fab. But in such cases fir. where mens estates

Pr. Are too much fir, and like them talk impertinent,
Goe to, yare well.

Fab. But halfe well, and like your grace.

Ma. Tis very well.

Nap. Our Citty spreads to entertaine such guests.

Pr. Never was musicke of so many parts,
As friends to *Naples* now, we all joyne hearts.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

